TITOISM'S FAILURE

January 26, 1967 35¢

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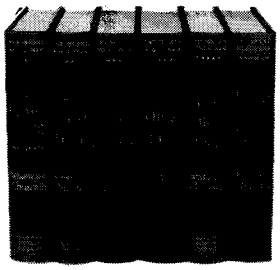

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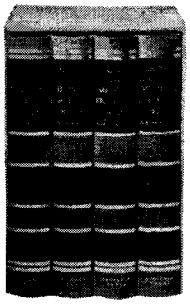

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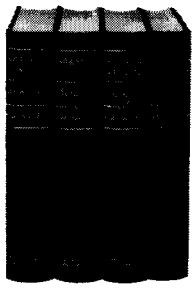

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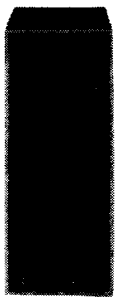

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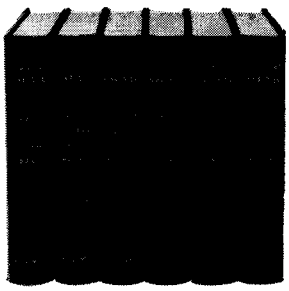

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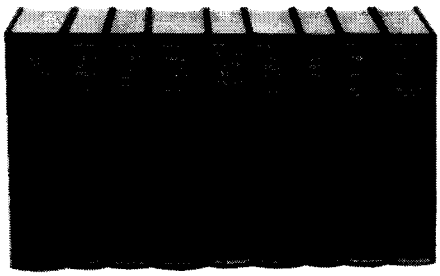

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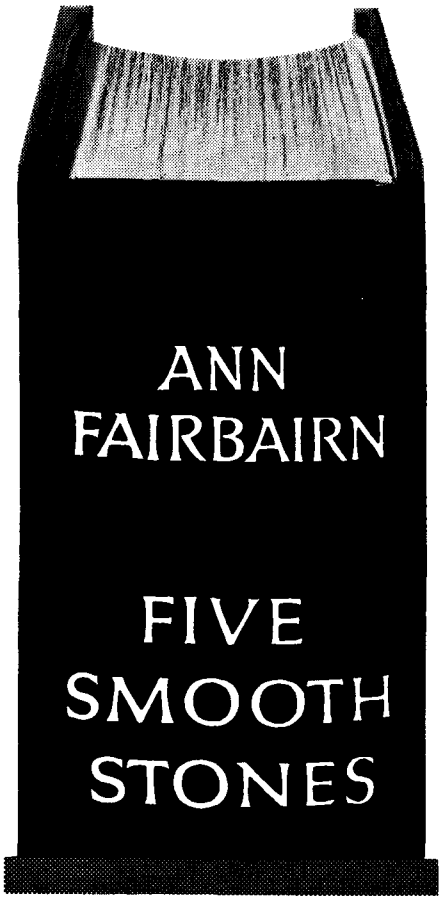

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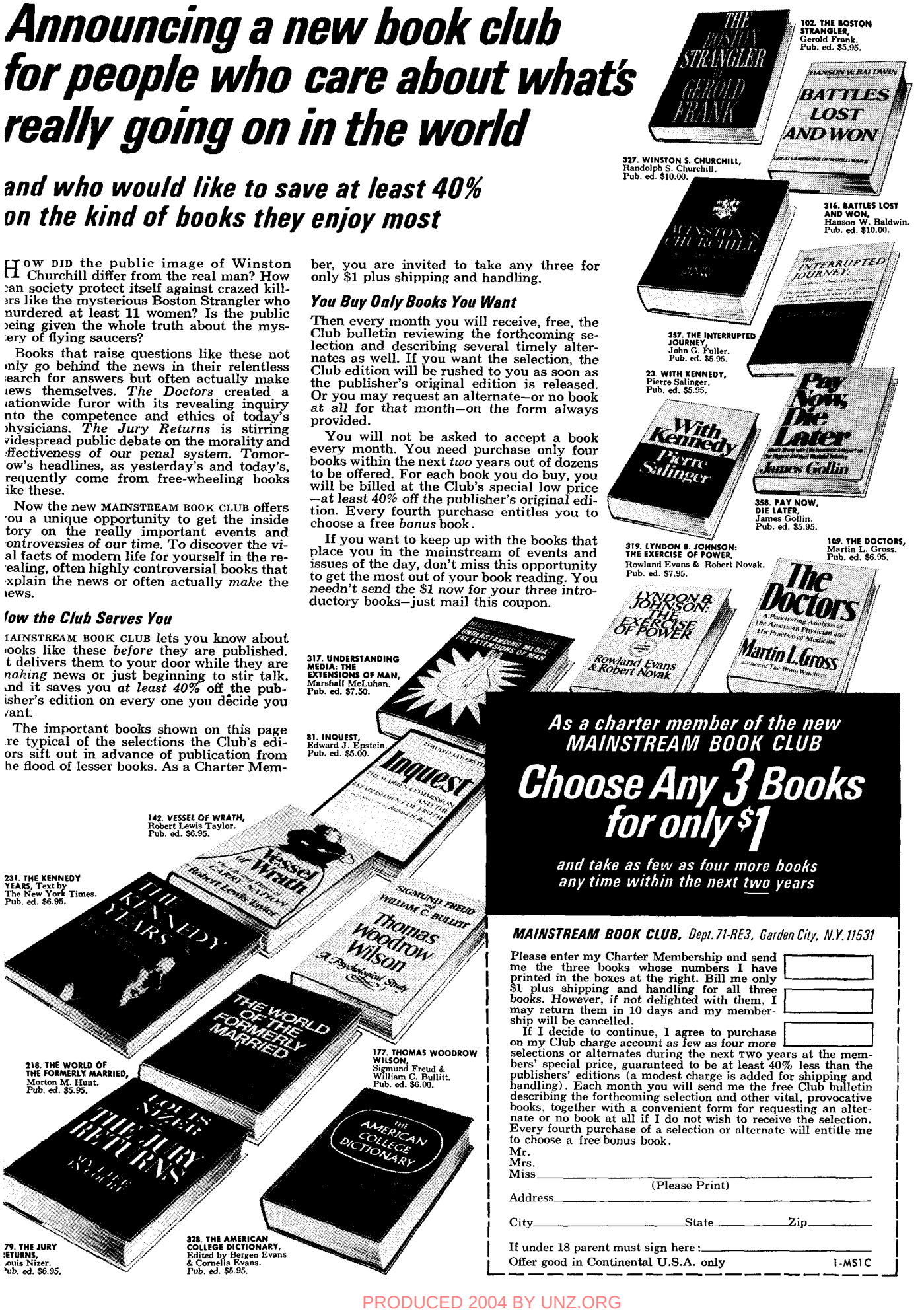
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Idealism versus Realism

Adam Bromke

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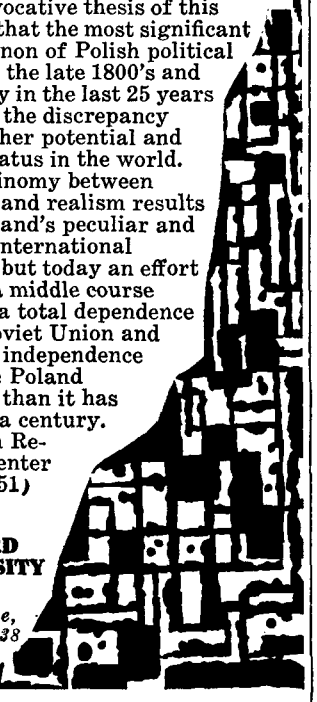

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Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #161

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(Puzzle #162 will appear in the February 9 issue.)

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

SINCE THE END of the Second World War, an earnest endeavor of men of good will has been to find ways of "building bridges" between antagonistic orders. This may explain the persistent appeal of the delusion known as Titoism. As a most recent example, it is said that given the proper treatment, Ho Chi Minh might become "another Tito." **George Bailey's** latest report from Yugoslavia reaches the conclusion that as a system Titoism does not work. It may stand up when it is the beneficiary of help from Communist and capitalist governments, but it is falling to pieces with the aging of its founding hero. . . . An insight into the problems of an East European Communist government that could be considered an opposite of Titoism is provided by **S. L. Shneiderman,** who tells the strange story of a clandestine Polish Stalinist movement that is attacking the Gomulka régime with an anti-Semitic, pro-Peking program. Mr. Shneiderman is a free-lance correspondent at the United Nations who has made several postwar visits to his native Poland. He is the author of *The Warsaw Heresy,* published by Horizon Press.

THE "DELIBERATE SPEED" in civil rights urged on the South by the Supreme Court in 1955 may seem painfully slow in execution, but in fact the progress made in the region is considerable and can be measured by an analysis of the 1966 elections. **Pat Watters,** a member of the staff of the Southern Regional Council in Atlanta, and **Reese Cleghorn,** assistant city editor of the Atlanta *Journal,* show that Negro voters mobilized by registration campaigns of recent years have begun to be counted in the calculations of Southern politicians. Their voting patterns are at once a rebuff to black-power advocates and a hopeful sign to those who seek a new alignment of black and white liberal forces. The two authors are working on a book about Negro voting in the South to be published in the fall by Harcourt, Brace & World. . . . Sukarno's downfall took the heat off Malaysia from one quarter, but the internal problems that followed the break with Singapore and the agreement to let an election decide the destiny of Sarawak and Sabah serve to unsettle the nation's future, **Denis Warner** reports from Kuala Lumpur. . . . **Norman Gall,** correspondent for Latin America of the Toronto *Star,* tells how Communist miscalculations and the firm action of a democratic government aborted a Communist-led guerrilla movement in Peru. . . . As in other cities, residents of Washington are alarmed by the encroachments of an expanding freeway system. **Helen Leavitt,** a free-lance writer who lives there, explains how the citizens of the capital have a hard time translating their views into actions. . . . **Fernando Krahn** explores the newest frontier and finds an old adversary.

N. SCOTT MOMADAY is a Guggenheim Fellow on leave from the University of California (Santa Barbara), where he teaches in the department of English. He is working at Amherst on a study of nineteenth-century American poetry. A novel, *House Made of Dawn,* will be published this year by Harper & Row. . . . **Frederic V. Grunfeld** contemplates the infinite possibility of human genetic experiment. The flaw, alas, as Mr. Grunfeld intimates, was perceived some time ago in a celebrated exchange between George Bernard Shaw and Isadora Duncan: if they had a child would it have his mind and her body, or vice versa?. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is our regular reviewer of music and records. . . . **Nora Sayre** is New York correspondent for the *New Statesman.* . . . The review of Isabel Bolton's book by the noted critic **Virgilia Peterson** arrived in our offices shortly before her death in December. Miss Peterson was the widow of Gouverneur Paulding, who had been a beloved member of *The Reporter* staff since the founding of this magazine. . . . **Carl Dreher** is science editor of the *Nation.* . . . **Robert Wallace** teaches at Western Reserve University.

Our Danubian cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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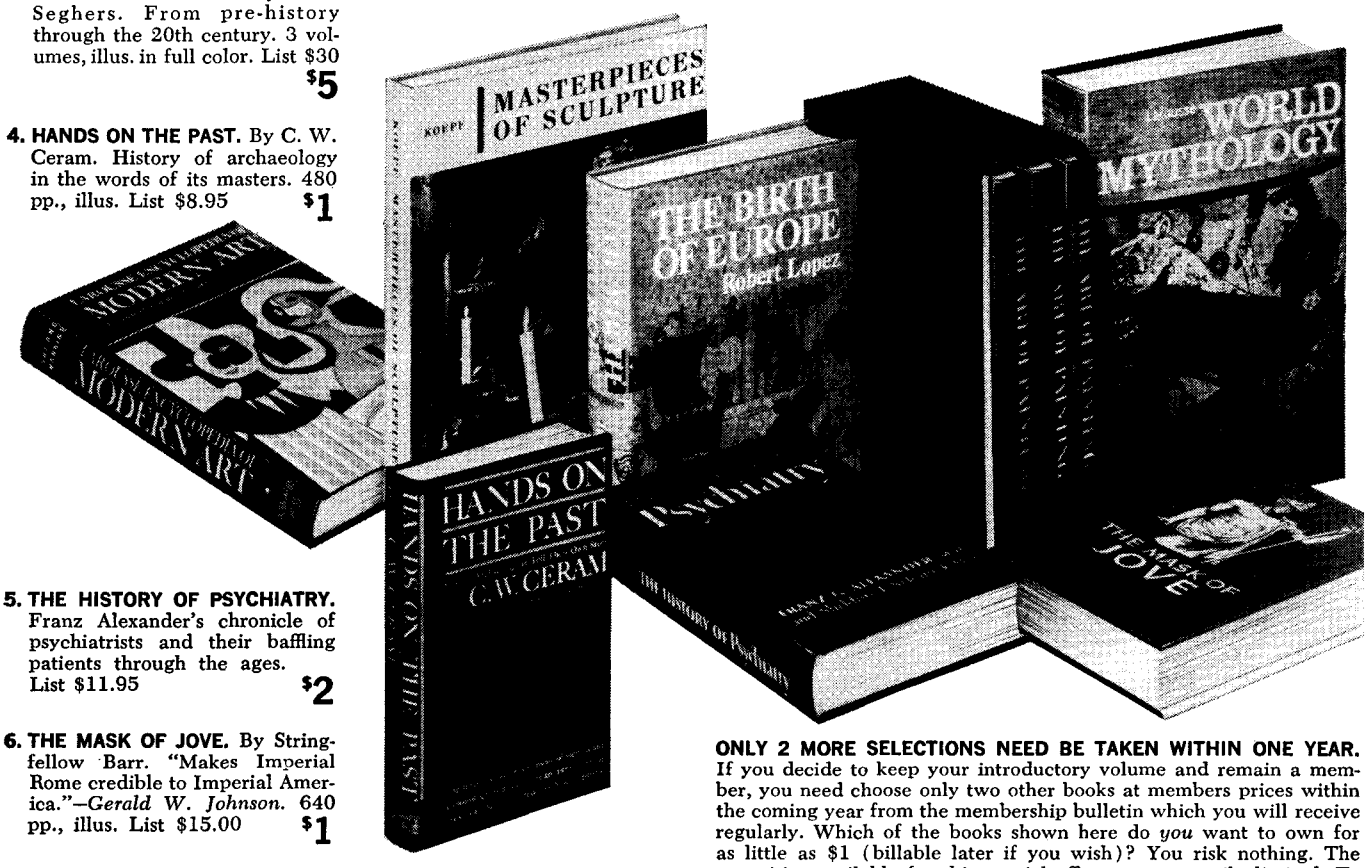

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PORTUGAL IN AFRICA

To the Editor: I read George Martelli's "Portugal's African Provinces" (*The Reporter*, December 29) with great interest. Mr. Martelli is, to my mind, an acute and accurate reporter. His article does justice to Portugal's aims in Africa with its dual commitment to a truly integrated society and to Christian civilization.

One argument often made against Portugal with regard to its African provinces is that Portugal is maintaining these provinces solely to protect its balance-of-payments position. As international bankers for Portugal we have studied the accounts of the country with great care. The truth of the matter is that the international accounts of Metropolitan Portugal are in balance without relying on the benefits from its African provinces. It is also true that Metropolitan Portugal contributes heavily to capital investment in its African provinces, which investment could be well used in Metropolitan Portugal.

PETER M. FLANIGAN, Vice President
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To the Editor: One of the most elusive things to document in Africa must be the presence and influence of Communists as instructors or members of the various guerrilla movements. In the past, *The Reporter* has described the defeat of Russian intrigues in Ghana, of the Chinese in Burundi and elsewhere, and of the failures of Nasser in the Organization for African Unity. Now George Martelli, who writes like a propagandist for Lisbon, tries again to raise the tattered old ghost of the Communist menace to discredit the African nationalist leaders fighting Portugal in Angola, Mozambique, and Portuguese Guinea.

I have had the pleasure of spending several hours with both Dr. Eduardo Mondlane and Holden Roberto and I would say that both are far more democratic and more constructively anti-Communist than Portugal's Salazar.

HUGH GRAINGER
Washington, D.C.

FLORENCE

To the Editor: Sidney Alexander's "Florence After the Deluge," in your December 15 issue, was the more deeply moving to me in that it brought back so vividly my own experiences during my two trips to the stricken city in November. Professor Alexander writes with great eloquence and force about what is certainly one of the major cultural disasters of modern times. I am especially glad that he brought out not only the great sufferings to which the people of Florence and its surroundings have been subjected, but the quiet heroism with which they attacked the unimaginable mountains of mud and debris to which their possessions and their creations have been reduced. Between my two trips the Florentines had already made great progress. But they face crushing economic hardships and bitter cold this winter.

Unfortunately, the last weeks have shown the truth of what I had feared all along—that the catastrophe to the cultural heritage of Florence is turning out to be vastly greater than anyone was in a position to state a month ago. The three hundred thousand damaged volumes in the Biblioteca Nazionale have grown to 1.3 million. The task of rehabilitation is inconceivable, but is being attacked with modern scientific methods, after the first necessarily primitive attempts at salvage.

The nightmare of the next few months is going to be the fate of the great monuments themselves, and the frescoes painted on their walls. You cannot have mud and water surging around and through a building at forty or forty-five miles an hour, and then standing for days, without serious effects on walls and foundations. The Brancacci Chapel, for example, with its frescoes by the great Masaccio, Masolino, and Filippino Lippi, was first reported as quite safe. Now it appears that the water entered the crypt below the chapel and sapped the foundations, and the walls on which the frescoes are painted have had to be shored up from the outside. We must expect many other hideous surprises, perhaps even the collapse of walls and towers in some churches.

The Florentine people are well aware that their cultural heritage is not only their proudest possession but a worldwide responsibility. They are immensely grateful for what is being done, in this country and elsewhere, to assist them in their colossal task. I know I speak for my colleagues on the executive committee when I say that the Committee to Rescue Italian Art, an organization that has now grown throughout the country and enlisted the imagination and allegiance of American youth to an unprecedented degree, appreciates deeply the opportunities that *The Reporter* has given its work.

FREDERICK HARTT
Professor of the History of Art
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

WEE INTEGRATED PALS

To the Editor: Martin F. Nolan's "New (Sob!) Trends in the Comics" (*The Reporter*, December 29) is mistaken. *Joe and Asbestos, The Phantom*, and *Mandrake the Magician* are not the only integrated serial comics. The politically conservative Oakland *Tribune* has carried the delightful *Wee Pals* by Morrie Turner for quite a while. As with the television program *I Spy*, *Wee Pals* makes its point subtly by presenting a racially integrated situation with high good humor.

LYNDA HICKOX ROBINSON
Orinda, California

BOUQUET

To the Editor: I've been meaning to write to tell you what an excellent publication I think *The Reporter* is. I came upon it a couple of years ago at about the same time I decided the New York *Times* was giving me all the news they saw fit to print about Vietnam. *The Reporter*, I believe, is a professional journal where the facts are more important than the story and where the editors don't toe anybody's line on any issue. They just keep their feet on the ground. My only regret about *The Reporter* is that it comes out too seldom.

BRIAN J. MCMAHON
Masco Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

SEGREGATED SUBURBS

To the Editor: Congratulations to Mayor Tom Mayers of Stamford, and condolences, too. John R. Wolf's article "Stamford's Attempt to Integrate Suburbia" (*The Reporter*, December 29) proves again that the South has nothing on the North when it comes to bigotry. In fact, the kind of Northerners who give loud verbal support (and maybe $10, tax-deductible, to the NAACP) to integration in Mississippi but exclude Negroes in their own communities are hyprocrites and therefore worse than unabashed Southern segregationists.

DAVID ALLEN
Norwalk, Connecticut

UNFUNNY FLICKS

To the Editor: I thought that it was me against the world on Richard Lester. And then I read James Maxwell's "Not So Funny" (*The Reporter*, December 29). He is quite right. *The Knack* and *A Funny Thing Happened* were nowhere as interesting as the stage versions.

JEROME AGEL, Editor-Publisher
Books/
New York

IDEALS AND REALITY

To the Editor: Efrem Sigel's account of his own experiences ("A Peace Corpsman Looks Back," *The Reporter*, December 29) and his evaluation of the Peace Corps as a whole were refreshingly candid, modest, and realistic. These are qualities for which neither members of the much-discussed younger generation nor promulgators of the Peace Corps in Washington have been remarkable so far. Unless, as Mr. Sigel suggests, the young volunteers' sights are set realistically, the disillusionment that is bound to follow their contact with intractable problems will turn their idealism into cynicism, reaction, and irresponsibility by the time they get a chance to run things their way.

RICHARD BAILEY
Sarasota, Florida

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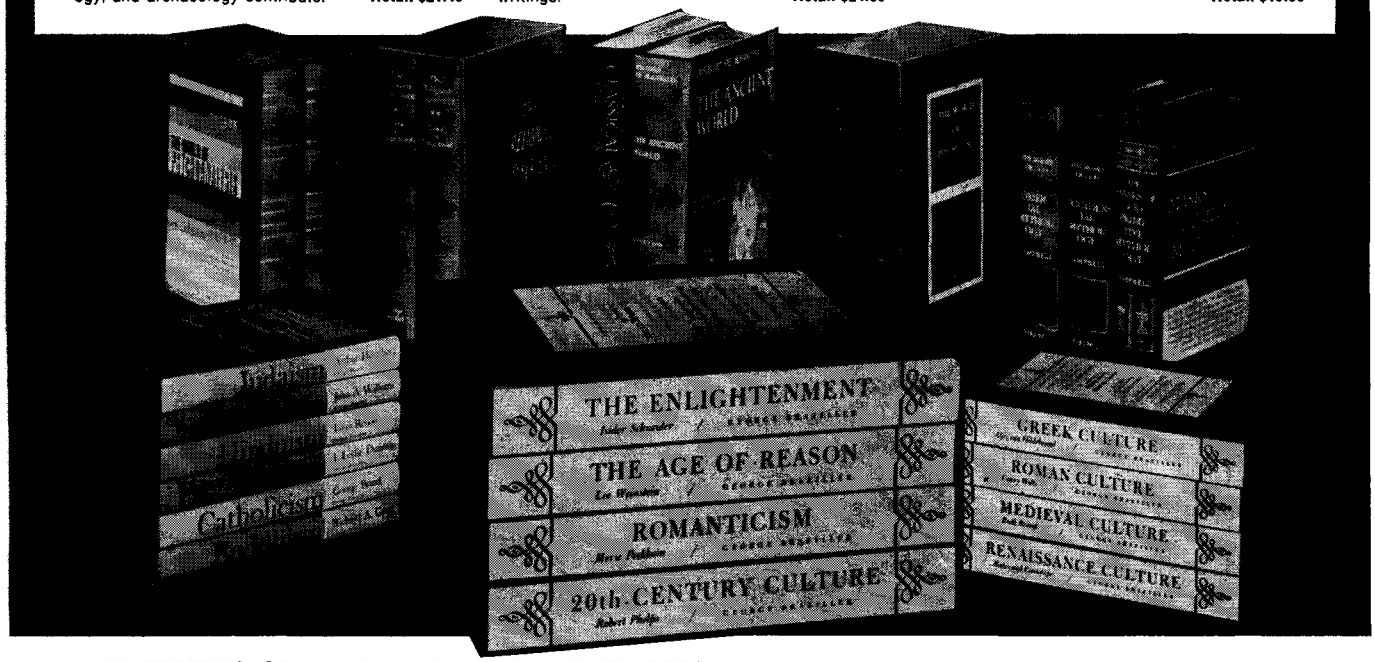

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The State of the Union

There is a quality of wholeness in this latest message, earnest as the man who unrhetorically delivered it. One after another, issues of race and of justice and of education that for too long had been considered among the promises of America are moving from the potential to the real, together with our commitment to a world a large part of which is alien to us and which we do not covet.

All this the President said at unusual length but not verbosely. Of course he could not give an adequate explanation for many of his statements—for instance, "We are in the midst of a great transition, a transition from narrow nationalism to international partnership. . . ." Does he see it happening in Latin America, of all places, which he mentioned immediately afterward as an example? As for Africa, he said that it "stands at an earlier stage of development. . . ." In general, we consider regionalism as nationalism writ large.

The President is absolutely right on Vietnam: "We have chosen to fight a limited war in Vietnam in an attempt to prevent a larger war —a war that's almost certain to follow, I believe, if the Communists succeeded in overrunning and taking over South Vietnam by aggression and by force."

Since he delivered his message a year ago, the President has had to face major difficulties in the management of the nation's economic affairs and in the conduct of a war he himself wants to keep limited. He has become the object of a maniacal, scurrilous hatred of such proportions and venom as to be a national shame. His 1967 message proved how his self-possession has been strengthened by the ordeal he has gone through.

—M.A.

Sic Transit Everything, Baby

In January of 1961, sixteen hundred persons attended a gay testimonial banquet at New York City's Commodore Hotel. It was sponsored by the congregation of the Abyssinian Baptist Church and an ad hoc citizens' committee, and its purpose was to do honor to Representative Adam Clayton Powell on the occasion of his ascent to the chairmanship of the House Education and Labor Committee. President Kennedy and Eleanor Roosevelt sent telegrams of good will. Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg and Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Abraham Ribicoff passed up a White House social function in order to be present to offer their personal blessings to Powell. The Congressman received a silver tea service from his grateful parishioners and a marble penstand from his loyal staff. And no one who was there is likely to forget his performance that evening. It was vintage Powell—at once wry, cynical, demagogic, threatening, and (quite evidently) amused by it all. "There's a saying up in Harlem," Powell bellowed to the crowd at one point, "when we get our Negro up, all hell breaks loose!"

At the time, Powell was under indictment for Federal income-tax evasion, and he had also compiled a record of stunning indifference to the duties of the committee he was about to take over. Still, it was widely supposed on the Hill that Powell would be transformed by the honor and responsibility of his chairmanship, and while it is not necessary to accept his own currently inflated version of what he has accomplished, it is only fair to say that he did propel a good deal of legislation through his committee smoothly and skillfully.

Powell's partisans and his critics have been busy weighing the relative importance of his achievements and his lapses over the past six years, but there has been another development in the same period that is not without its relevance to the Congressman's fortunes —namely, the growth of the Negro protest movement and the acceleration of its demands. Powell is not the only Negro leader who has had to do some fancy footwork to keep up with the movement's more violent and confused spokesmen, but he has stood in a unique relation to them in one respect. Perhaps the most unfortunate and self-damaging line to be cultivated by various Negro leaders in the current struggle is that which justifies, romanticizes, and encourages a kind of glorified criminality as the proper part for the Negro to play in his community and in society at large. It is a strain that runs, for instance, through the recent writings of James Baldwin with his unconvincing exaltation of petty crime as a form of racial revenge. It was apparent in the mindless approbation with which some civil-rights enthusiasts greeted the carnage of Watts. Congressman Powell's legal and financial escapades substantially antedate this strange development, but he has found refuge in it. It was a short step from his followers' (and his own) assertions that he was being singled out for punishment because of the color of his skin to a kind of exuberant acceptance of Powell's depredations as a calculated blow at white supremacy and, consequently, a blow for social justice.

THE INSULT to Negroes inherent in all this has escaped his Negro followers. They were holding vigils for him in Washington as Congress opened and chanting their distress on the Capitol steps. And precisely because of their sense of grievance and the depth of their feeling—however misplaced—it is the more re-

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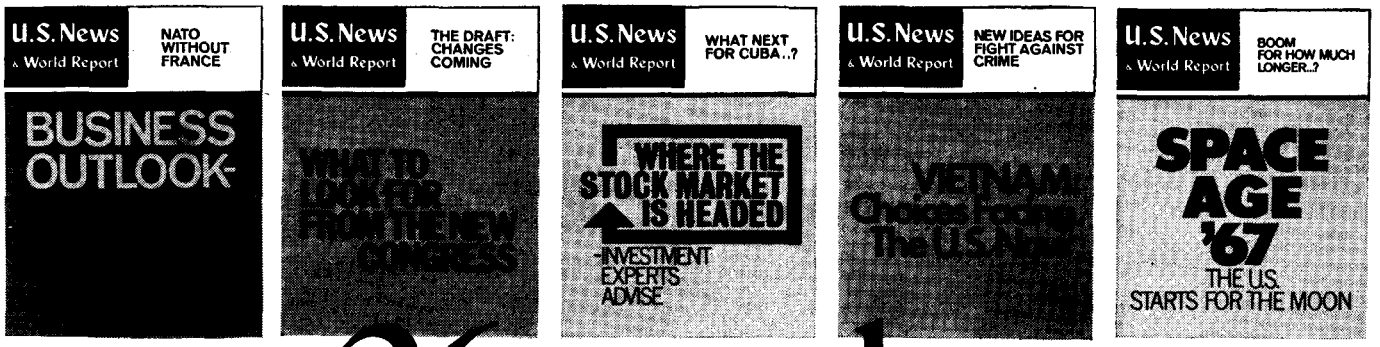
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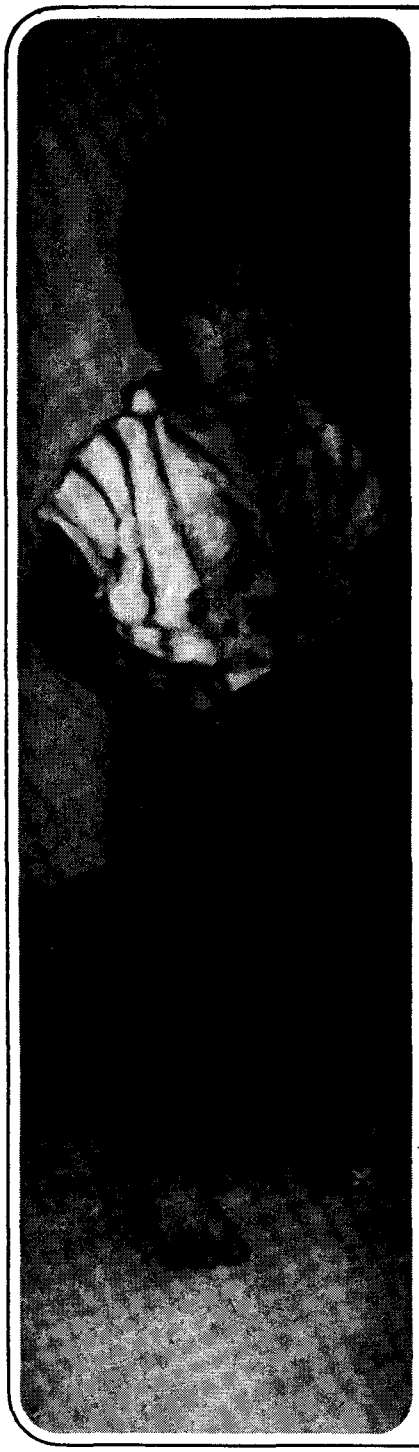

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grettable that the House drew up an indictment that was breathtaking in its substantive and procedural sloppiness. To a very great extent, the members were acting on political motivations. Speaker John McCormack, who returned late to Washington, completely misjudged the strength of the anti-Powell feeling in the House and spent a few fruitless days defending Powell for the sake of the seniority system.

In the end a Republican plan was passed to deny Powell his seat pending an investigation. At no time (and nowhere in the resolution) was any charge brought against him, nor was it stated on what grounds his seat was being denied him. Moreover, the committee that was to be appointed was given no instructions as to its mandate or the criteria—Constitutional or otherwise—by which it was to judge Powell's right to take his seat. Indeed, after the first flush of excitement, Capitol Hill newsmen began to receive inquiries from their editorial offices: what was Powell being tried for exactly, and what would he have to prove to keep his seat? They were obliged to reply that they didn't know.

We are hard put to it to think of a situation requiring more care and fairness and precision in its handling—or one receiving less. The prospect, whether the committee recommends seating or not, is for the return to Congress of Powell by ever larger majorities of voters who will accept neither his fall from grace nor their own lack of Congressional representation. It remains to be seen whether Powell will be able, as he puts it, to get their Negro up and whether, as is predicted, all hell will break loose. His colleagues in the House have enhanced the possibility.

Taking Out the Bugs

For the first time in recent memory, those anxious to close the legal loopholes that permit wiretapping and bugging feel they have a chance to take action, thanks to the strong position taken by the President in his State of the Union message.

The relationship of snooping to the law is far from clear. In Section 605 of the 1934 Federal Communications Act, it is stated that "No

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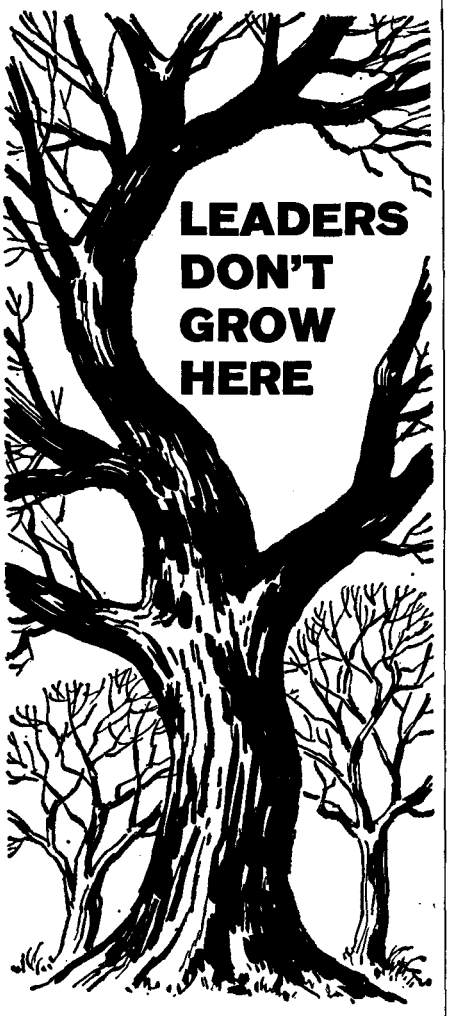

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person not being authorized by the sender shall intercept any conversation and divulge or publish" the contents of any such conversation. The Federal government—and indirectly the state governments—are thus blocked from introducing evidence in court that has been acquired through a wiretap. But the law-enforcement agents at both levels felt, and to some degree still feel, that they are free to listen and follow up on the leads produced. In the summer of 1965, President Johnson prohibited all Federal wiretapping and eavesdropping not approved by the Attorney General.

Aside from a fleeting look at the problem during a set of Senate hearings last year on a wide range of criminal laws, there have been no legislative hearings on wiretapping or eavesdropping in Congress since 1962. At that time Attorney General Kennedy sent up a bill that would have prohibited all wiretapping—eavesdropping was not yet a concern—by private persons and required Federal and local agents to obtain court permission to tap a phone. But Federal agencies would have been allowed to employ wiretapping in cases involving murder, kidnapping, extortion, bribery, narcotics dealings, and organized crime such as gambling, in addition to matters of national security. Moreover, local police would have been free to tap phones in the same kind of cases with the exception of those involving organized crime.

As in the past, the legislation was presented as a bill to check invasions of privacy, but actually was designed to legalize many uses of wiretapping. As Kennedy told a House Judiciary Subcommittee on May 22, 1962: "Indeed, one of the major reasons we are proposing this legislation is because under existing law the privacy of telephone users is not adequately protected." He then added: "But this right of privacy, like most other individual rights in our society, is not absolute or unqualified. Society also has a right to use effective means of law enforcement to protect itself from espionage and subversion, from murder and kidnapping and from organized crime and racketeering." Congress refused to buy the package and the legislation never reached the floor of either chamber.

The Johnson administration has not yet sent its own proposals to Congress. But in his message, Johnson indicated a far more restrictive approach. "We should outlaw all wiretapping—public and private—wherever and whenever it occurs," he said, "except when the security of this nation itself is at stake—and only then with the strictest governmental safeguards."

Chairman Emanuel Celler of the House Judiciary Committee said he would introduce a bill that would make it "unlawful across the board" for anyone to plant a bug or tap a phone and Senator Edward Long (D., Missouri), indicated that he would offer comparable legislation in the Senate. And Representatives John Moss (D., California) and Cornelius Gallagher (D., New Jersey), who heads a special invasion-of-privacy subcommittee, have already introduced severely restrictive legislation. In all the proposals, Federal agents would be permitted to tap a phone line or bug a conversation in a matter of "national security."

Despite the optimism of those pushing for controls, the passage of such legislation is far from assured. The libertarian spirit may overtake more legislators this year than before, but perhaps not enough to overcome the die-hards who believe that the local police—and the FBI—should be armed with every available weapon to combat crime. It is conceivable, however, that the Presidential guarantee of government action in other areas of crime prevention and reduction will be enough to assuage them.

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Titoism's Failure

GEORGE BAILEY

In Samuel Johnson's philosophic tale *Rasselas,* a great astronomer in desperate search of a successor reveals to a friend that he has been entrusted with the regulation of the weather and the distribution of the seasons: "The sun has listened to my dictates and passed from tropic to tropic by my direction; the clouds, at my call, have poured their waters, and the Nile has overflowed at my command; I have restrained the dog-star and mitigated the fervours of the Crab. The winds alone, of all the elemental powers, have hitherto refused my authority, and multitudes have perished by equinoctial tempests, which I have found myself unable to prohibit or restrain." The astronomer admits that "nothing but the consciousness of good intention could have enabled me to support the weariness of unremitted vigilance."

An ambitious regulator of our time made a similar declaration not long ago: "I am responsible not only for industrialization and agriculture but also for culture," explained Josip Broz Tito. "As the Secretary General of the party I am responsible to history and to our people for a straightforward course in the development of our country." Like Samuel Johnson's astronomer, Tito, too, has had trouble restraining the winds. It was criticism of his attempt to regulate cultural matters that prompted this expansive statement of responsibility.

And it is small wonder that criticism should have mounted. Tito's attempt to create a seemingly workable substitute not only for Stalinist Communism but also for bourgeois social democracy—his desire to pose as the possessor of a panacea for the modern world's sociological and foreign-policy problems—has led him into a morass of politico-economic nonsense.

The proclamation of the Workers' Councils self-management system in the early 1950's as the "Yugoslav way" of decentralizing economic and social enterprises was the outgrowth of the break with Stalin's totalitarian Cominform. There was nowhere else to go while maintaining public ownership of the means of production. However, the two ideologues among the country's political leaders, Edvard Kardelj and Milovan Djilas, were the first to realize that the new system could not work, since introducing the councils would inevitably mean stripping the party of its regulatory functions.

Nevertheless Djilas, in his ideological zeal, was deceived by the promise the innovation seemed to

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hold, and in late 1953 went to the liberal extreme, after Tito himself had mentioned in top party circles that the ultimate goal was to let the party wither away. Tito gave his approval to the final series of articles in *Borba*, the party organ, in which Djilas, implicitly in Tito's name, demanded complete freedom of speech and the successive abolition of party discipline, party administrative activity (rendered superfluous by the Workers' Councils), and finally "the professional party apparatus" itself. Hardly three weeks later, however, after the leaders of the party organizations in Yugoslavia's constituent republics had raised furious objections, Tito came out strongly *against* Djilas, and a move to oust him and to purge the extreme liberals was begun.

Djilas's fall from grace and expulsion from the party leadership did not destroy the liberal wing, if only because the proclaimed *raison d'être* and goal of the party was reform. As for the Workers' Councils, they had already become emblematic of Titoism. The result has been a unique political paradox: the existence of two diametrically opposed political movements within a one-party system. Tito, by straddling the issue and shifting the weight of his authority from one position to its opposite, "restraining the dog-star" on the one hand and "mitigating the fervour of the Crab" on the other, has maintained control of both. In fact, for sixteen years the only unity in the League of Communists of Yugoslavia has consisted in the person of Josip Broz Tito.

Both Kardelj and Djilas had been fascinated by the spontaneous emergence of Workers' Councils in the factories, towns, and communes of Hungary during the short-lived liberation late in 1956. Kardelj, speaking in parliament in December, 1956, approved of the Hungarian Revolution as in itself "healthy" as well as inevitable. It demonstrated, he said, that when a government, especially a socialist government, allows itself to become cut off from the people because it has grown rigidly bureaucratic, when its "entire ideological activity is robbed of every creative impulse and is therefore forced into the miserable position of serving an unprincipled pragmatism," when, in short, it becomes more interested in production figures than in people, it is laying the groundwork for its own liquidation. Kardelj identified the enemy to the development of socialism as bureaucracy, which in a socialist state nowadays means the road back to Stalinism.

Kardelj was forced for reasons of state to approve of the Soviet intervention in Hungary. Djilas condemned both Yugoslavia's equivocal attitude and Soviet intervention. For this he was jailed on charges of producing "hostile propaganda."

Kardelj, however, unexpectedly admitted at the very end of his 1956 speech that the whole discussion of the Hungarian Revolution in parliament had very much to do with Yugoslavia. For when the individual citizen has no legal rights, the economic and political structure of society becomes shaky.

TEN YEARS LATER a renewed awareness of this instability caused the explusion of Aleksandar Rankovic from his offices of Vice President of Yugoslavia, organizational secretary of the party, chief of the state security service, and finally from membership in the party, although he was never put on trial. Typically, Tito balanced his leniency toward Rankovic by releasing

Djilas not long ago—though his cell was not to remain empty. The charges against Rankovic must be regarded as essentially pro-party activity. "Various organs of state security," they read, ". . . created a network of collaborators within workers' organizations and even within the League of Communists of Yugoslavia. This network very often interfered with the entire activity of enterprises, including even investment policy and the placement of key personnel."

The official reports of the plenums of the party in Brioni last July and in Belgrade in October contain a number of startling admissions, beginning with Tito's own description of the state security service as "a system which has put our entire society under oppression." How could such a thing happen? "Because," said Tito, "of the tremendous confidence we had both in Comrade Rankovic and in the state security service, we did not once discuss the question of this service in . . . the executive committee." "It is a fact," stated a member of the central committee, "that for twenty years no discussions have been held in any party or state forum about the policy, resources, and development of the security service."

Tito admitted that he himself was guilty of neglecting the problem (he had known of the existence of Rankovic's factional network for about ten years) but said he was concerned lest a purge destroy the "unity" of the party. Actually, he was fearful that a purge of the security service, which was predominantly Serbian, would exacerbate the nationalities problem.

Some of the speakers at the Brioni plenum were clearly quite angry, and one of them revealed that the investigating commission appointed by the central committee had never interviewed Rankovic: "Allegedly it was his affair to settle this matter with Comrade Tito . . . but Comrade Rankovic should be responsible to the central committee and not to Comrade Tito alone. So far this sort of responsibility has not become a habit. I think we are now beginning a struggle for internal democratic relations within the party, and that we are stripping people of their haloes, no matter who they may be."

In the process of the central committee's exposé of the police plot to save the party from itself, the extent of the security service's activities ostensibly came as a shock to many of the party leaders. It had managed to penetrate every branch of government and every sector of public life except the army (which has its own security service, the counterintelligence corps). In the Secretariat for Foreign Affairs, the security service, "not only a state within a state but a state above the state, an

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institute for analyzing public opinion, a cultural-educational community, . . . to a [large] extent took over the work of the party." Indeed, as one central committeeman put it, Rankovic, as organizer of the security service and organizational secretary of the party, virtually "had the entire party in his hands."

"We have spent ten to fifteen years discussing this structure [of the central committee] and yet we have not improved it," committee member Cvijetin Mijatovic said. "The fact is that the League of Communists is not an organization of the working class to the necessary extent." In the case of the League at large and its organizations in the six republics, worker membership is less than fifty per cent; in the Republic of Bosnia-Hercegovina only thirty-five per cent of the party membership are workingmen. But the pejorative word most often heard is "monopoly," the source of all the "negative" phenomena that are now revealed as having been there all along.

Murder and Intrigues

Despite the charges brought against Rankovic's security service, it is admitted to have been almost the only link connecting the party with the people—"virtually the sole service gathering political information about comments on and reactions to the most important events in our public and political life." This was the most important aspect of its monopoly, and a serious accusation brought against Rankovic and his service was that this exclusive function was abused to "cook" and "feed" information to misinform the party leadership "on what the people think or how deeply they feel." Yet the principal charge, made again and again, is that the service lost contact and became a foreign body within the body politic of Yugoslavia.

But if one thing is clear from this mass of accusations and denunciations, it is that this criticism is far more applicable to, and is ultimately directed at, the party itself, for the security service took the trouble to penetrate every political and social organization in the country. In Croatia alone it kept personal files on 1,300,000 people, which means that every second adult in that republic was kept under surveillance.

The party has thrived on the differences between the nationalities that make up Yugoslavia, using them to argue that its monopoly was necessary because "The national consciousness is not yet strong enough to risk the open confrontation of the nationalities." It is especially here that the party cannot plausibly disassociate itself from the excesses of its own control organ.

National antagonisms have certainly not decreased under Yugoslavia's Communist régime. The officially admitted murder of twenty-nine and the "maiming" of two hundred Albanians by the security service in the semi-autonomous Albanian-majority province of Kosmet lent the main impetus to the purge of the service in that area and throughout the Federation as well, since police murders were admittedly not limited to Kosmet. Outside Serbia this purge has taken the form of "de-Serbianization" in accordance with the charge that the security service had become the vehicle for "Great Serbian chauvinism." In reaction to these excesses, Albanian has now been introduced as a language of instruction in the University of Pristina, the capital of the province, and a number of other measures have been taken which indicate that Kosmet has emerged from Serbian administration and has become a separate republic *de facto* if not *de jure*. The reaction has also promoted an instinctive tendency on the part of the five other republics to form an unofficial coalition against Serbia.

By its own admission, the party, hoodwinked by its most trusted member in charge of its most trusted organization, was duped, led astray, and isolated from reality. The reason for this "systematic intrigue" is clear enough. The security service, as the quintessence of the old party, was virtually obliged to take over those essential functions which the party seemed bent on relinquishing. The security service thus inevitably emerged as surrogate of the earlier Stalinist position of strictly centralized control. This is why the revelation of the Rankovic "conspiracy" and the purge of the security service have appeared to so many Yugoslavs as a kind of second round of the original struggle with the Cominform.

It is more accurate to speak of a natural process than of systematic intrigues. The self-management system has gradually driven the two factions of the party toward opposite extremes. The conservative half of the party was inexorably propelled to an extreme that was against the proclaimed theory (but not the actual practice) of the régime. The conservatives were in effect forced to work clandestinely. "There is a faction within the party," said Politburo member Jovan Veselinov at the Brioni plenum, "which is protecting conservatism . . . which politically disagrees with the self-management of our entire social life. But this faction does not dare to say this publicly." Thus it was not simply a matter of the secret services' taking over the party by violating a trust, but rather that the conservative half of the party took refuge in and behind the secret services.

The liberals, on the other hand, want to "break the monopoly that strangles every initiative." However, as a Yugoslav worker put it, "The striving for power is so much a part of our system that today we must fight against ourselves." But in practice the liberals have pretty much confined themselves to declarations and proclamations and the passage of more or less general legislation in order to create an atmosphere for the development of the individual within the Workers' Councils and the communes.

The Unpaid Elite

Working against any and all reforms is the system's formidable inertia. Yugoslavia is full of establishmentarians: provincial bigwigs, wartime Partisan cronies tightly organ-

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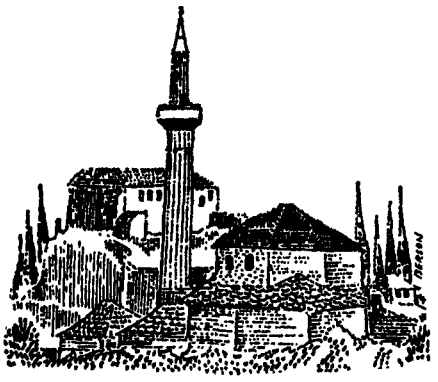
ized in local veterans' associations and bent on guarding every prerogative, and ill-educated or uneducated incompetents (especially among the Partisans), most of them still a decade short of retirement age, who for reasons of policy or by physical incumbency or both are denying job opportunities to a far better-qualified younger generation.

The contradictory need for the liberals to organize politically in order to prevail is responsible for the drive toward a "loyal opposition," a drive that has taken various forms. One such was the recent attempt to invest the Socialist Alliance, a party auxiliary or front organization of about eight million members, with the attributes of political autonomy. Another is the tendency of the editorial staffs of liberal magazines such as the banned *Perspective, Praxis* (discontinued "for lack of funds"), and Mihajlo Mihajlov's abortive *Free Voice* and *Way* (forestalled by the arrest of the editors) to regard themselves and be regarded—and prosecuted—as embryonic opposition-party cadres.

But the most serious form is the sudden strong trade-union support for the Workers' Councils and the increasing recourse to strikes. The strikes, or "work stoppages" in the official euphemism, have been steadily increasing in number and length for at least the past three years: the government admitted to two hundred and thirty strikes in 1965. The strike is usually called by the lowest unit of the self-management system, the Workers' Council of a section of a factory. It is almost always called because of dissatisfaction with the apportionment of the profits, which the councils receive in lieu of fixed wages. Workers I talked to in Belgrade and Zagreb invariably explained that they had been forced to strike because they had not received their full wages, in some cases not even half their wages.

This complaint stems from the fact that the workers in the council have the right to determine their share of the profits by vote. All too often they do so only to be overruled by the director or subdirector of the factory (a party member) or the party committee of the factory. Such overruling by administrative or executive organs is a clear violation of the spirit of the labor legislation now supposedly in effect. It cannot be said to contradict the letter of the law, however, because in the welter of regulations, directives, proclamations, statutes, and laws passed in recent years, equivocations and contradictions are common enough.

THE SPREAD and intensification of strikes and their attendant publicity have revealed the focal point of the entire ideological and political struggle in Yugoslavia: the confrontation between the white-collar worker and the blue-collar worker. The discrimination and traditional enmity between the two have been aggravated by government misrule, to the great disadvantage of the blue-collar worker. Why this should have been so is ironic. The self-management system turns on the right of the Workers' Councils to determine periodically their share of the profits. This practice is supposed to work as a production incentive. However, the profits are also the source of investment funds as well as for commune, republic, and federal taxes. One of the pillars of the economic reform of 1965 is the placing of the credit system on a strict commercial basis. Added to this credit squeeze is the fact that at least a third of all Yugoslav enterprises are so-called "political factories" that have chronically worked at a loss and are now fighting desperately for solvency. The result is redoubled pressure for investment funds—at the inevitable expense of the blue-collar worker who enjoys the blessings of the self-management system. The white-collar worker, who is not so blessed, receives a fixed wage.



The emphasis placed by the liberals on the need to put through the economic reforms is based squarely on the great and growing restiveness of the blue-collar workers, some hundreds of whom last year turned in their party cards in disgust, thereby making the League of Communists still less a workers' organization. For this reason the party has taken to promulgating declamatory directives aimed at restraining bureaucratic interference in the factories and upholding the right of the self-management organs, "freed of every state control," to make their own decisions.

The dilemma is perfect. The party is now at open war with itself. A celebrated example of "intraparty polemics" is the squabbling between the chief of the Yugoslav trade unions and Politburo member Svetozar Vukmanovic-Tempo and the weekly newspaper *Ekonomska Politika* and the government daily *Politika*. The two journals criticized Vukmanovic for taking the part of the workers in the fashion of a western trade-union functionary, encouraging them "to fight against the bureaucrats until they have succeeded in becoming the actual managers of their factories."

Vukmanovic, writing in the trade-union publication *Rad* ("Work") and appearing on television, made it clear that by bureaucrats he meant white-collar workers "who work less and earn considerably more" than blue-collar workers. Vukmanovic also came down on the side of the strikers. But what alarmed the editors of the two newspapers (and the party interests they serve) more than anything else was his proposal to convoke a Self-Managers' Conference this June, to be attended by Workers' Council members from all over the country. In this proposal *Ekonomska Politika* discerned the propagation of a "two-line" thesis, based on the antagonism between management and workers of the enterprises:

"The 'two-line' thesis leads one to conclude that the initiator of this Self-Managers' Conference would like to organize not a consultation but a conference of the Self-Managers—a sort of institution existing as

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an organized form of second workers' line. This tendency actually indicates that the Workers' Councils... have been no more than a façade . . . consequently, it indicates that one should create a parallel workers' line of authority."

In the prevailing atmosphere of fear and tension, every scheduled or proposed conference seems to foreshadow a constituent assembly of the potential opposition. Such conferences would undermine the entire rationale of the Workers' Council self-management concept, which was specifically to prevent the emergence of two or more parties, holding up the goal of "direct democracy" and providing a program for its achievement.

It was no coincidence that the case of Mihajlo Mihajlov and his followers (five of whom were arrested in mid-November on charges of "conspiracy" for trying to publish an independent magazine) and the Rankovic-security service "conspiracy" should have come to a head at the same time. They represent the two opposite extreme positions that have developed naturally over the past sixteen years and more.

The increasing distance between the two positions moved the liberals, like the conservatives, to act. Mihaylov's outspoken demand for "real independence" to replace Yugoslavia's "present dependence because of its ideological commitment" was occasioned in part by the régime's system of belated censorship, as in the cases of the liberal magazines and other publications deemed ideologically unreliable.

The arrests of Mihajlov and his followers are meant to serve as minatory examples for the large and growing numbers of like-minded critics whose demands in the Yugoslav press have been almost as explicit.

One Krmpotic, writing in the Croatian newspaper *Vjesnik* last May, suggested that Yugoslav newspapers should be more critical of the situation in the Soviet-bloc countries. This is a particularly sore point with Yugoslav journalists, who have always smarted under the compulsion to strict observance of the friendship convention with Communist countries—except, of course, Albania and Communist China—and to scarcely less strict observance of the polemic tradition with the West. This necessary change could be achieved, wrote Krmpotic, only when the affairs of the Foreign Ministry are no longer considered to lie within a "forbidden area" where criticism is taboo. The point, he concluded, is that Yugoslavia's present foreign policy toward both the East and the West is not in accordance with the internal development of the country. This is easily the most glaring contradiction in the country. Yugoslavia's foreign policy has steadily become more and more Moscow-oriented (witness the recent raising of the East German legation to embassy status and the state visit of Walter Ulbricht), while its economic policy has become increasingly cost accounting-minded. Indeed, in the last few years Yugoslavia has taken decisive steps to institutionalize its growing economic dependence on the West. Yugoslavia is now a full member of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, as well as the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. It is dependent for its balance of payments on its thriving western tourist trade ($150 million last year) and remittances from some two hundred thousand Yugoslavs working in Western Europe, most of them in West Germany. But the experiment has made the economy a shambles. Yugoslavia managed to gain some relief from the international legion of its creditors by the drastic currency reform undertaken in mid-1965 but has not made satisfactory progress since then. The real crime of Rankovic and the orthodox half of the party was that they effectively blocked the economic reform on which the survival of the régime and the party depends.

Coming Apart at the Seams

This is the last chance for the Communists to make economic sense. To win the great gamble, they are prepared to take the risk of making the last fatal political concession: Edvard Kardelj has been assigned the task of formulating legislation to permit foreign private investment in Yugoslavia as the only remaining source of capital funds. Whether and how this can be done without doing violence to the Marxist principle of public ownership of the means of production is Kardelj's problem.

Mihajlo Mihajlov and his followers are "Djilasites" because the historico-political process that is now drawing to a close in Yugoslavia has left them no choice but to follow in Djilas's path. The fact that, even after his release, this path leads to prison but is now being followed just the same is an ominous indication of where the régime is headed. The liberal Communists of Yugoslavia go no further than recognizing that in order to survive the party must transform itself. "The League of Communists," said Vukmanovic-Tempo at Brioni, "has not yet found its place in the process of self-management."

The party must do so as soon as possible—if indeed it *is* possible—and in any case before Tito leaves the scene. The fact that it firmly intends to do so was illustrated in Belgrade recently when a western businessman, a prospective private investor in a Yugoslav enterprise, asked how his participation in the management of the firm could be reconciled with the system of Workers' Councils. "Don't worry," he was told; "responsible, socially conscious elements" (i.e., Communists) "will see to it that sound business practices prevail."

The wheel comes full circle again. Most significantly, in the confusion the positions of liberal and conservative have become completely interchangeable. An official's true motives are screened behind an infinite variety of concealments.

It has now become axiomatic that no man can succeed Tito: "There is only one historical figure in the party." The era of experimental misrule in Yugoslavia for the past twenty years was his peculiar patent. It will die with him if not before. The marshal has not had an easy time of it lately. But he can be succeeded only by a workable political system. The desperate need is to create such a system—or the makings of one—before the great regulator departs and the linchpin that has held the whole ramshackle structure together in a personal union is pulled. The prospects are not good.

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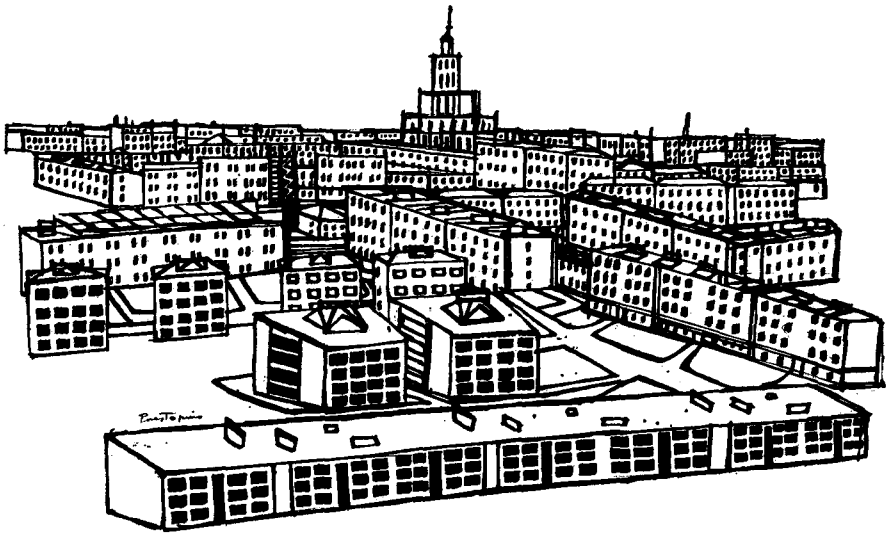

Poland's Anti-Semitic Maoist Underground

S. L. SHNEIDERMAN

In Poland, the European Communist state that is the most sorely beset by paradoxes and schisms, an underground party with a pro-Peking orientation has made its debut by issuing a manifesto whose root theme is anti-Semitism.

Peking has not resorted to blaming the Jews for China's failures. Indeed, Mao would be hard put to find any such scapegoat. The only native Jewish community China had, the Jews of K'aifeng Fu, whose presence in the land dated back to the first century, disappeared at the end of the nineteenth. Still, the Chinese Communists seem well aware of anti-Semitism's usefulness in Eastern Europe as a tool in their rivalry with Moscow. In Poland that tool is wielded by the new illegal party, whose founder is Kazimierz Mijal, one of the most ardent of Poland's Stalinists. During the bloodless October revolt of 1956, Mijal was a leading member of the pro-Moscow group that called for armed Soviet intervention to prevent the return to power of Wladyslaw Gomulka.

Mijal claims that his new party has cells all over Poland—in industrial plants, in scientific and social institutions, in every branch of the government—and that his following among the rank and file of the ruling United Polish Workers' Party is growing. Mijal directs his activities from headquarters in Albania, Communist China's outpost on the European continent, where he went after escaping from Poland.

When Radio Warsaw reported on February 23, 1966, that Kazimierz Mijal had left Poland illegally, using an Albanian passport, there was much smiling and joking in the cafés of the capital. The fact that so well known a person—Mijal had been a director of the Polish Investment Bank, a cabinet minister, and a member of the party's central committee—was allowed to board an airliner unhindered was regarded as convincing evidence that his escape had the connivance of sympathizers in the security forces.

It was no secret in Warsaw that Mijal had been a frequent visitor to the Albanian embassy on Sloneczna Street as well as to the home of General Kazimierz Witaszewski, administrative director of the central committee of the United Polish Workers' Party and once a leader of the Stalinist clique. In short, there is ample evidence that Mijal's underground in Poland has definite links to the die-hard Stalinists once known as the Natolin Group, after the Warsaw suburb where they used to meet during the eventful October of 1956.

The name "Communist Party of Poland" (KPP), which Mijal has given to the new pro-Chinese organization opposing Gomulka, is evidently intended to appeal to those who have bitter memories of the consequences of Moscow's domination of prewar Polish Communism. The original Communist Party of Poland was dissolved in 1938 on the direct order of Stalin, with the accusation that it was riddled with agents provocateurs. The party's top leaders were called to Moscow and were soon liquidated.

Mijal's indictment of the ruling United Polish Workers' Party, which replaced the prewar party, as betraying the revolutionary traditions of Polish Communism is strongly stated in the preface to his manifesto. It reminds one of similar utterances by Mao, but with violently anti-Semitic overtones added. "Gomulka and his Zionist cohorts," Mijal asserts, "are serving not the interests of the working class and the laboring masses of the cities and the villages, but those of the bourgeois and middle-class elements, the kulaks, the careerists, the degenerate bureaucrats, and thieves."

On Common Ground

The new KPP's manifesto is a document of some fifteen thousand words, printed, in the manner of prewar illegal Communist publications, on very thin paper, for clandestine distribution in Poland. Outside Poland, it has already become a propaganda tool of anti-Moscow, pro-Peking Communist factions in Europe. It has been reprinted by a pro-Chinese Communist publication in Belgium, *La Voix du Peuple*, and in the second issue of *Marxistisk Forum*, the theoretical organ of a pro-Chinese Communist group organized in Sweden last June. It was introduced to the non-Communist world by the publishers of *Kultura*, the Polish émigré monthly in Paris, who were the channel for distribution in the West of smuggled manuscripts by the Soviet writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel.

It appears in a special *Kultura* publication entitled *Schisms*, which also includes a document issued by Poland's pro-Communist Catholic organization, Pax, headed by Bole-

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slaw Piasecki, who was a leader of the country's fascist and racist movement before the Second World War. Pax is an organization with a limited membership of Catholic professional men, which started as a small publishing house twenty years ago and has grown into a diversified business concern with substantial economic interests. Pax has been useful to Poland's Communist rulers as a counterforce to the great influence of the Catholic Church led by Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski.

A preface of *Schisms* states: "The publication of these two documents under the same cover and a single title is not accidental. Mijal, head of the illegal Communist Party of Poland, and Piasecki, head of the legal Pax Association, have many characteristics in common. Both Mijal and Piasecki have been and are still opponents of the Polish October and represent the most conservative and reactionary of viewpoints." However, the preface does not mention one of the most significant of the characteristics they share—anti-Semitism.

In the Pax document, the anti-Semitic points are somewhat cryptically expressed in warnings against "cosmopolitan" influence on Polish government policy. The word "Jew" never appears. As a legal organization in a country that has officially prohibited anti-Semitism since Communist rule began, Pax is not in a position to make anti-Semitic statements plainly. Mijal, having declared open war on the Gomulka régime, labors under no such inhibitions.

MIJAL'S MANIFESTO contains a lengthy catalogue of the problems and discontents with which he sees Poland afflicted after a decade of rule by Gomulka. It states: "Poland is on its way from a dictatorship of the proletariat to a dictatorship over the proletariat [because of the] treason of the revisionists, whose aim is to undermine and demean the socialist order and bring capitalism back to Poland."

The principal source from which revisionism sprang, according to Mijal, was the de-Stalinization initiated in 1956 at the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, where Khrushchev, "shamelessly resorting to lies, attacked the party of the Bolsheviks and the entire history of the Soviet Union."

"Stalin," Mijal adds in defense of the dead tyrant, "did build socialism in the Soviet Union, despite his faults. He preserved Marxism-Leninism from the Trotskyite-Bukharinists and other diversionist groups. Under his leadership, the Russian people made a reality of the program for industrializing the country, achieved a historic victory in the war against the Hitlerite fascists, and brought about the establishment of a socialist camp in the world." Khrushchev, by contrast, is portrayed as "the drunkard, bluffer, renegade, and political degenerate" who distorted the truth about Stalin's accomplishments by unleashing "a wave of lies . . . in a common front and with the open support of the international reactionaries."

A whole chapter is devoted to American imperialism and the war in Vietnam, which Mijal compares to the Nazi attack on Poland. He goes on to warn against the dangers of trade relations with capitalist countries, especially the United States, and follows with a bitter charge that the Gomulka régime is failing to protect the sovereignty of Poland in its dealings with capitalist America. Then Mijal points to the "danger" that threatens Poland from the Soviet Communist Party. He seems much more alarmed by that possibility now than he was ten years ago.

At the crucial Eighth Plenum of the United Workers' Party in October, 1956, Mijal protested vigorously against dropping Konstantin K. Rokossovsky, a Soviet Army marshal, from the leadership of Poland's ruling party. He was also one of those who tried to frighten Khrushchev into military intervention against Gomulka's return to power. Now Mijal would have Poland turn away from its powerful neighbor and strengthen its ties of friendship with Communist China and Albania.

Mijal also has reversed himself on another of Poland's fundamental issues—the position of the Catholic Church in the Communist state. He was one of the principal leaders of the Stalinist police régime that fought the Church most bitterly between 1952 and 1956 and imprisoned Cardinal Wyszynski. Now, in his search for popular support against Gomulka, he is trying to appeal to rank-and-file Catholics, if not to the Church itself, by making an accusation that "the revisionists have scorned the feelings of believers . . . [and] attempted to divide the population into believers and nonbelievers." In his new pose as defender of the Church, Mijal asserts: "Poland is a country where the majority of the population consists of believing people. . . . From the beginning, believers and nonbelievers alike have taken an active part in laying the foundations of socialism in Poland. Hence, there is no reason for creating an artificial conflict on this issue."

Rage Against Shadows

The demagogy that pervades Mijal's entire manifesto reaches its climax in his treatment of the role that Jews have played in the history of Poland's Communist régimes. It begins with the observation that in Poland today minorities constitute less than one per cent of the population and that "there is no basis for conflicts between nationalities. On the contrary, all the conditions for harmony are present, especially since Communists resolutely fight against discrimination based on nationality or race."

Mijal does not explain how the blessing of such a homogeneous population emerged after the Second World War from a prewar Poland in which a third of the population of thirty-odd million belonged to minorities, including more than three million Jews. The Ukrainians, Germans, and White Russians were removed by mass resettlement and political adjustment of Poland's borders; more than ninety per cent of the Jews were liquidated by the Nazis. Of the Jewish remnant that came back to Poland after the Nazi collapse, perhaps ten per cent still remain in the country—twenty or twenty-five thousand people in a total population that again numbers more than thirty million.

This is the minuscule minority that Mijal assails in the classic contradictory fashion of anti-Semites. Jewish Communists who have emigrated are branded "deserters, trai-

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tors who have left Poland with large fortunes to become servants of the imperialists." Those who remain are described as a "Zionist-Trotskyite group of Jewish nationalists who strive, under the banner of equal rights, to establish the rule of the Jewish national minority over thirty million Poles."

Thus, Mijal joins Poland's national front of anti-Semites of every persuasion. Anti-Semites of the nationalist stripe hold Jews responsible for the establishment of Communist rule. Anti-Semites in the United Polish Workers' Party hold them responsible for the crimes of the Stalinist era. Mijal's new party holds them responsible for the 1956 revolt against Stalinist rule.

Most of the Jews who did play roles of any importance, not just in the October revolt but in laying the foundations of Communist rule in Poland, have long since disappeared from the party and the government. The majority of them are now outside Poland, but the anti-Semites still keep fighting their shadows. Mijal claims that Jews are still the driving force in the régime and calls for the elimination of all who remain in it, even those who never identified themselves with Jewry and have loyally served Polish Communism through all its twists and turns.

THE JEWS Mijal is talking about have been replaced in great part by recruits who came to the ranks of Polish Communists from what was once the National Democratic Party. Called "Endecja" in prewar Poland, it was a powerful, extremely nationalistic and anti-Semitic movement.

This metamorphosis of Polish Communism was summed up pointedly in a recent *Kultura* article by the sociologist Alexander Hertz. The influence in the party and government of erstwhile followers of Endecja has grown to such an extent that liberal Poles are calling the present régime "Endokomuna" (Communism dominated by the Endecja), a paraphrase of the prewar anti-Semitic slogan of "Zydokomuna," which suggested that Communism was dominated by Jews. Especially appealing to the "Endo-Communists" must be the "cultural program" of Mijal's new party, which is closely copied from prewar Endecja tracts complaining against the "contamination" of Polish culture by the Jews.

"The activity of Zionist agents in the party leadership and government organs," Mijal warns, "has caused in the past and is still causing serious harm to our economy and culture. Through clannishness and solidarity, the Jewish nationalists have taken over the centers of our science, culture, literature, and art. They have poisoned the culture of the Polish people with alien and destructive elements. They have suppressed and eliminated creative Polish scientists and intellectuals. . . . The Polish people do not know about all those things because the entire propaganda apparatus is in the hands of the Zion-

ist Mafia. . . . We shall not be frightened by the blackmailing claim of the Jewish nationalists that to struggle against them is an expression of anti-Semitism. Such blackmail serves only as a cover-up and a defense for the privileged position of the Zionists."

Always an astute politician, Mijal understands well the mentality of the Polish masses and their ingrained anti-Semitism. He was active in Poland's prewar labor unions as a representative of the Communist Party. He had intimate friends among Jewish Communists, and was a close collaborator of Pawel Finder, who became a leading theoretician of Poland's prewar illegal Communist movement and a martyred leader of its wartime underground.

A commemorative volume published in March, 1956, by the historical section of the United Polish Workers' Party contains recollections of Finder by Mijal, brimming with adulation. "The Polish revolutionary movement," Mijal wrote, "has produced a number of great leaders who by their day-to-day deeds and political actions won the admiration of the working class and became national heroes. Pawel Finder was a man of that stature. . . . His speeches were full of passionate love of country and belief in our people. . . . His life, always one of sacrifice and ceaseless effort, was cut down, but the cause for which he fought has triumphed."

Within a few months after this panegyric was published, Mijal had embarked on his crusade against Jews, trumpeting the accusation that they had plotted the pro-Gomulka revolt of October, 1956.

Gomulka's Double Policy

At the Third Party Congress in 1957, Mijal was dropped from the central committee. However, he held onto his job as director of the Investment Bank until he was fired in 1964 after the Fourth Party Congress, at which he had distributed a pamphlet that bitterly criticized the régime and included an anti-Semitic attack on Gomulka's "Jewish wife." Still, he was not jailed as was a group of young teachers at the Warsaw University, who expressed dignified and restrained criticism of Gomulka from the liberal viewpoint.

The harshness with which Gomulka treats his critics on the Left is in sharp contrast to the tolerance he has shown toward those on the Right throughout a decade in power. The period of cultural renaissance that Poland enjoyed following the events of October, 1956, is long over, but the western world still mistakenly counts Poland among the most liberal régimes in the Soviet bloc. There is stagnation and apathy in Polish cultural life, and the rift between the Gomulka régime and the intellectuals is widening. It is in this climate of resurgence of the old Stalinist forces that Mijal's underground pro-Chinese party has come into being.

At the moment, Mijal's chances of attaining power in Poland seem as remote as Peking's chances of triumphing over Moscow in the larger controversy raging in the Communist world, but his pro-Chinese party with its violent anti-Semitic slogans does have more fertile ground than can be found anywhere else in the Soviet bloc.

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The Impact of Negro Votes On Southern Politics

REESE CLEGHORN and PAT WATTERS

ATLANTA

JIM CLARK of Selma, Alabama, was for a while probably the best-known sheriff in the nation. Bluff and swaggering, wearing a pistol on his hip and a button that said "Never" on his chest, he handled the problem of Negro demonstrations in Dallas County the way a cowboy might corral steers, using electric cattle prods on people. Sheriff Clark also punched a Negro minister in the face and had his deputies take teen-age Negro demonstrators on a forced run into the countryside.

The 1965 Negro demonstrations in Selma had voter registration as their object. During them Sheriff Clark's performance, as well as Governor George Wallace's, helped persuade Congress that the Voting Rights Act must be passed, much as Commissioner Eugene "Bull" Conner's earlier law-enforcement tactics in Birmingham had helped pass the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Now Clark's service as sheriff and his unintended service to the nation have been ended with some poetic justice: last November 8, in a populous county where only 320 Negroes were registered in 1964, thousands of new Negro votes overwhelmed a strong segregationist write-in effort on Clark's behalf (Negro votes had already cost him the nomination in the Democratic primary) and gave his office to Wilson Baker. As Selma's director of public safety at the time of the demonstrations, Baker had handled his duties with fairness and professionalism.

In Selma as in many other parts of the South, the most important fact of the elections of last November 8 was the new power of the Negro vote, even though revived racist politics triumphed in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and, briefly, in Arkansas.

Negro votes made the difference in electing a U.S. Senator, certainly one and probably two governors, and two Representatives in the states of the old Confederacy. They also tied up the election for governor of Georgia with write-ins, postponing the outcome of a race that involved two candidates who were unacceptable to Negroes. They put twenty Negroes in three Southern legislatures compared to eleven in 1964. But perhaps more important than these results, Negro votes hastened a change in the public stand of scores of other candidates and thus effectively continued a subtle, pervasive alteration in the atmosphere and style of Southern politics. Even out-and-out racists running for statewide office avoided talking directly about Negroes and, small sign though it may seem, a few of those who did brought themselves to pronounce the word "Nee-grows."

The New Arithmetic

After the Supreme Court outlawed the white primary in 1944, Negro voter registration, held to a minimum since Reconstruction, jumped from 250,000 (the 1940 total) to 1,008,614 by 1952 in the eleven states of the South. This meant that the registered voters among Negroes of voting age increased from about five per cent to twenty

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per cent. But the rate was slowed when the 1954 Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation in public schools set off a broad campaign of repression across most of the South. From 1952 to 1962, Negro voter registration went up by slightly less than half a million, bringing the total to 1,476,000.

Then, sparked by a registration campaign co-ordinated by the Voter Education Project of the Southern

Regional Council and carried along by the momentum of nonviolent direct action, 668,000 more Negroes registered from 1962 to 1964—a greater increase in two years than had taken place in the previous decade. It brought the total in November, 1964, to approximately 2,174,200, or 43.8 per cent of those eligible to vote. Since passage of the Voting Rights Act in 1965, the pace has continued, and for the most recent election there were 2,620,359 Negroes registered, or 52.2 per cent of those eligible.

These are potent numbers in Southern politics. They constitute a new arithmetic by which the dimensions of political ambition must be charted and on which new hope for the region is based. But the figures are not all they might be. The increase in Negro registration since passage of the Voting Rights Act has not been as great as the new law seemed to promise, though there has been remarkable progress in three of the most recalcitrant states —Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Even taking their large increases into consideration, however, the over-all rate of increase for the eleven Southern states under the new law has been only about the same as during the 1962-1964 period. Much of the political optimism among Negroes and liberal whites in the South, then, is based on the potential of further increase, and much of the discouraging racist regression that was observed during the last campaign can in part be explained by the failure to realize the potential more fully.

One of the most important meanings to be read in these figures is evidence of a new pattern of action of the Negro movement in the South. The energies that in recent years were most often directed at forcing changes of Federal law by street demonstrations are now largely channeled into normal political processes. Direct action continues to be used for political ends in local situations, but the eruption in Selma in the spring of 1965 that helped to win passage of the Voting Rights Act was the last victorious large-scale campaign of its type. The closest thing to it during the summer of 1966, the Meredith march in Mississippi, began as a voter-registration demonstration and ended as a sounding board for acute disagreement among Negro leaders largely over questions of *political* strategy.

This national schism—separatist black power versus coalition with whites—has particular significance for Southern politics. The choice for thousands of new Negro voters is whether to withdraw from political co-operation with whites or to keep trying to forge against great odds an effective coalition on the Northern model of combined biracial liberal forces—labor, the liberal church, and so on. In many ways it is simply another example of the old Southern political dilemma in which people with similar interests are effectively separated by the racial issue.

THE two organizations that were to bring the issue of black power to the fore, the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and the Congress of Racial Equality, had concentrated their efforts in the most dangerous and difficult voter-registration work that took place in the South during 1962-1964. They had worked in the Black Belt rural counties, helping Negroes overcome fear in the face of concerted terrorism, violence, and economic coercion. This exposure to the worst kinds of racism and oppression explains much of the psychological makeup of black-power advocates. It would be a mistake to think that the bitterness and despair and racial antagonism in the black-power rhetoric do not rise out of the people. But it would also be a mistake not to recognize that these advocates may symbolize but do not summarize Southern Negro sentiment; their feelings are balanced in individuals and in the mass by a residue of political common sense, good will, and simple hope.

Despite all talk to the contrary, the power of Negro votes alone to elect Negroes in the South is severely limited. In the eleven Southern states, only eighty-five counties among 1,139 have Negro voting-age majorities—twenty-one in Mississippi, nineteen in Georgia, ten in Alabama, nine in South Carolina, seven in Virginia, five each in North Carolina, Louisiana, and Arkansas, and two each in Florida and Tennessee. At present, no Congressional district in the South has a Negro voting-age majority, and only six have as much as a thirty-five per cent Negro voting-age population.

In November the one county that was supposed to be a showcase for the "black power" strategy, Lowndes in Alabama (the scene of recent racial killings, where in early 1965 only 179 Negroes were registered), an all-black ticket was easily de-

feated because Negroes did not vote heavily and some of those who did voted against the Negro candidates. Although Negro registrants in the county now outnumber white registrations by about five hundred, white candidates defeated the Negro candidates by about five hundred votes each. The Negroes were running under the Lowndes County Freedom Organization label (also

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By Fernando Krahn

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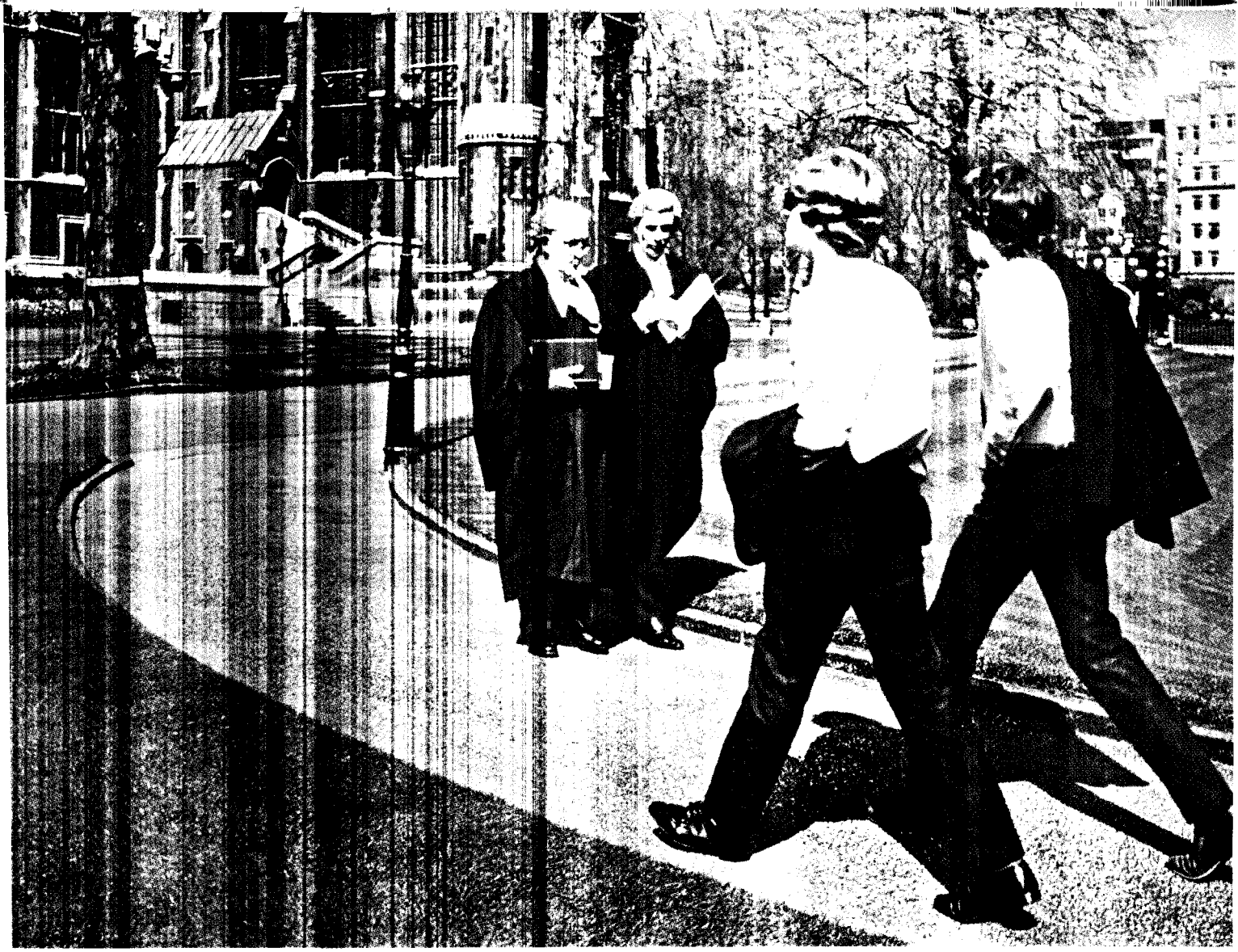

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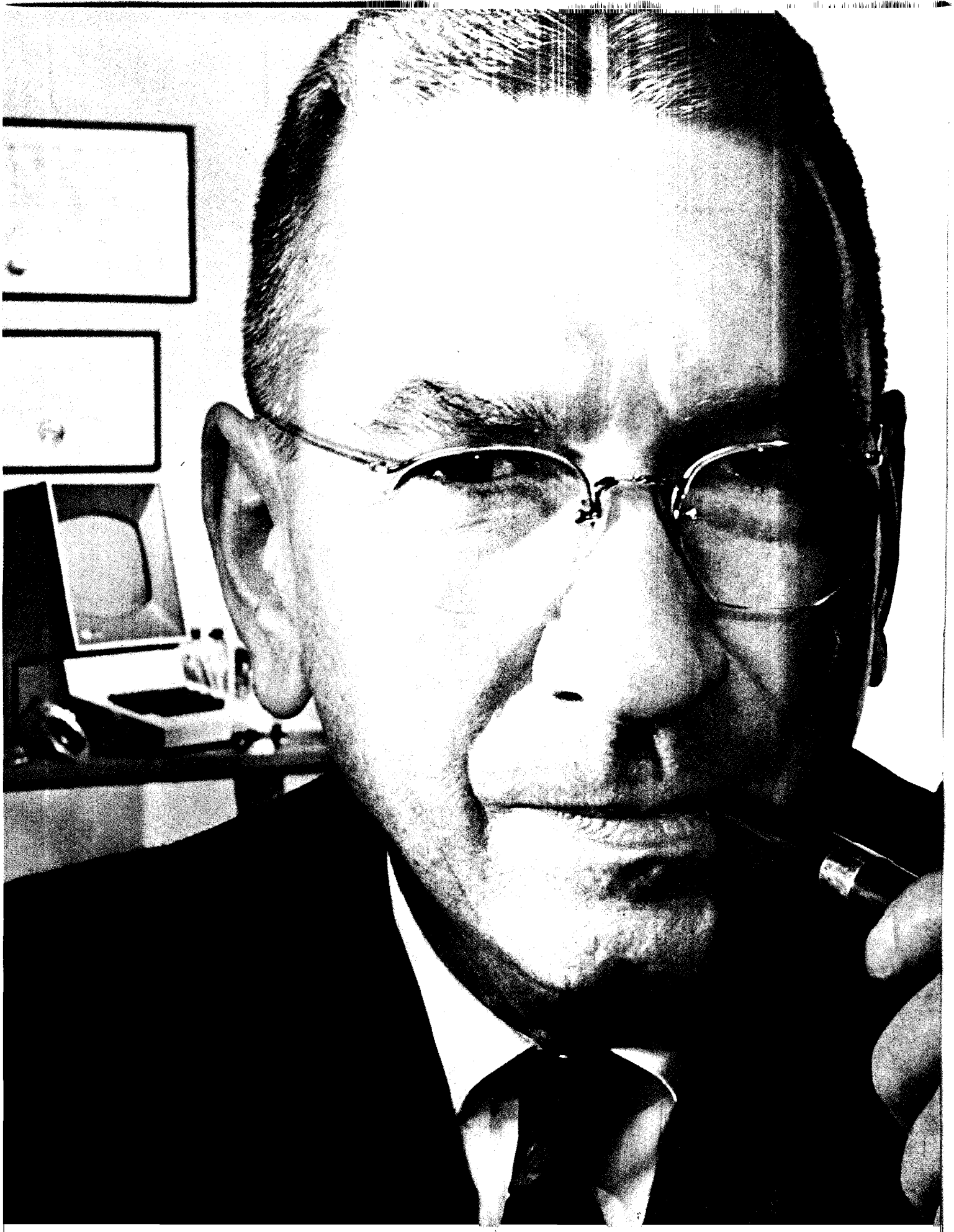

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This doctor wants to make all the latest medical knowledge available to every doctor everywhere.

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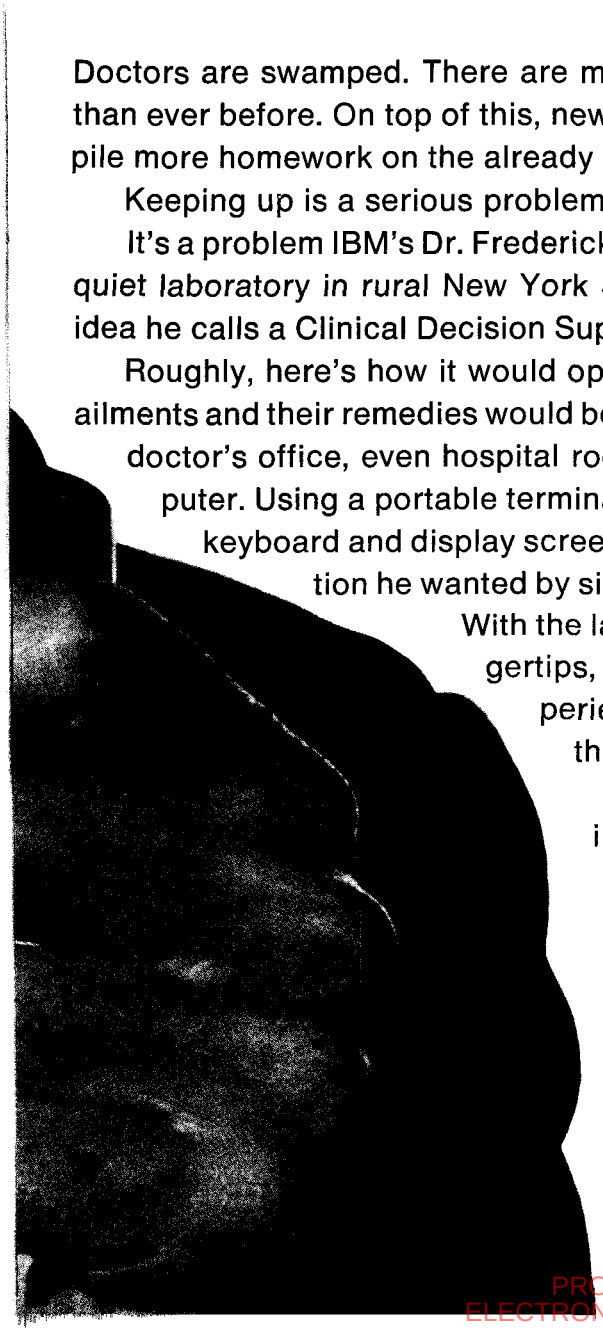

Doctors are swamped. There are more patients knocking on the door than ever before. On top of this, new advances in medicine continue to pile more homework on the already overworked M.D.

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It's a problem IBM's Dr. Frederick J. Moore is trying to help solve at a quiet laboratory in rural New York State. He is experimenting with an idea he calls a Clinical Decision Support System.

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Doctors have a difficult time keeping in mind everything they must consider. There's so much to know today. And it's true in every field. IBM's business is to help solve this problem—give you the facts you need in time for decision.

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Youthful chef for the outdoor set

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Dawn was breaking over Buckeye Lake in the summer of 1920. Over a campfire the tantalizing aroma of breakfast was in the air. And breakfast was the responsibility of young Lawrence Howdyshell, top cook in the troop.

It was at Buckeye Lake that "Howdy" developed his talent for cooking that paid off in later years when he became a range and oven-tester at the Frigidaire Division of General Motors in Dayton, Ohio.

Now, "Howdy" bakes cakes and broils steaks—he cooks both fast and slow, with heats high and low, to test the performance of Frigidaire ovens and ranges. "Howdy" is one of the housewife's representatives at the factory, searching for anything that might cause complaints in the kitchen.

He started with Frigidaire in 1931 as an inspector of refrigerators, but for the past 13 years has devoted full time to testing ranges.

"Howdy" and men like him play an important part in the development of Frigidaire ranges. We're glad he's cooking for Frigidaire. His experiments in the test kitchens can make any housewife a better cook.

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GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

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called, after its symbol, the Black Panther Party). Their defeat, and the defeat of other Negroes in counties with Negro majorities, pointed as much to the difficulty of welding the various elements in the Negro communities into a race-related political unit as to the pervasiveness of white domination.

The Vote That Swings

There were, of course, some notably successful Negro candidacies in the Black Belt, a crescent of black soil that lies across the South's midsection from Virginia to Texas and which was the heart of the old slave-owning plantation country, as well as in other counties where the Negro population is heavy. In Macon County, Alabama, a thirty-two-year-old former postal worker, Lucius Amerson, defeated two white candidates to become the first Negro sheriff in the South. (Negro victories in Macon County, home of Tuskegee Institute, were not new. A coalition of Negroes and whites had won out in earlier elections against the concept of an all-Negro slate.) In Mississippi, a Negro was elected to the school board of rural Jefferson County—the first to win a county office since Reconstruction. In Georgia, Negroes were elected as county commissioners in three rural counties. And Negro officeholders in the South now number eleven legislators in Georgia (an increase of one), six in Tennessee (an increase of five), and three in Texas (the first in this century).

More important, however, is the demonstration that Negro votes can influence the course of the states themselves, and their representation in Washington. In South Carolina, where the Voter Education Project estimated that a hundred thousand Negroes voted overwhelmingly Democratic, Ernest F. Hollings, who is moderate to liberal by South Carolina standards, defeated his Republican opponent by fifteen thousand votes for a Senate seat. Governor Robert E. McNair, who has a similar political position, won re-election by seventy-one thousand votes; Negro votes most likely accounted for more than that margin. Thus, in a state that voted for Barry Goldwater for President in 1964, the new strength of the Negro vote became the determining factor in establishing the tone of the state's leadership for the immediate future.

A long-time opponent of Negro registration, the *News and Courier* of Charleston, attributed the election results to Negroes being "herded to the polls by bosses." It urged Negroes "not to permit themselves to be crammed into a Democratic bag." They should, it suggested, invite both parties to seek their votes.

The *News and Courier's* imputation of blind Democratic loyalty to Negro voters seems as farfetched as many other of its warnings about Negro voting over the years. In most places in the South, Negro political leaders had already sought to establish a swing vote. Last November, Negroes withheld support from two Southern Democratic candidates for governor because of their racist positions. In Arkansas, Republican Winthrop Rockefeller won by about forty-five thousand votes; of the between eighty and ninety thousand Negroes who voted, about ninety per cent voted for him. In Georgia, an analysis by the Voter Education Project concluded, about half of the Negroes who voted chose the right-wing Republican candidate, Howard H. Callaway, in preference to the out-and-out segregationist Lester Maddox, and about half wrote in the name of liberal former Governor Ellis Arnall. In Alabama, the empty choice between Mrs. Lurleen Wallace and Republican James D. Martin in the governor's race discouraged many Negroes from voting at all. In Tennessee, Republican Howard Baker appealed to Negroes for support in his race against Frank Clement for the Senate, and he succeeded in splitting away a substantial part of Clement's Negro support.

All of this establishes that Southern Negroes are not now wedded to either party. In fact, it is for this very reason that they now may have a powerful impact in constituencies where they are not a majority. And inasmuch as they are moored to neither party, the establishment of the two-party system undoubtedly will work ultimately to their advantage.

The Goldwater phenomenon in the South now seems, even more than it did in 1964, to have added little to the development of the two-party system. Though Senator Goldwater won a majority of the white votes in nine or ten Southern states, he carried only five; Negro votes prevented him from winning the others. He carried no Southern states in which at least forty-five per cent of eligible Negroes were registered but carried all of those where less than that percentage was registered. Perhaps Tennessee is a model of the future. There, 71.7 per cent of the age-eligible Negroes are on the rolls, a normal percentage for the nation as a whole. In the Tennessee primary and general elections of 1966, race was not an overt issue, and candidates of all persuasions vied openly for Negro votes. The real issues, which historically in the South have been economic and cultural, were allowed to come into the light a little.

Help from Washington

Obviously much of the effectiveness of the new freedom given by voting-rights legislation depends on enforcement from Washington. So far, the record has been spotty. The Voting Rights Act of 1965 eliminated qualification tests, including literacy tests, in states or counties that used them as of November 1, 1964, and had less than fifty per cent of the people registered or voting. It also provided that Federal examiners might be sent into any such states and accept applications to register; it made obstruction of registration and voting a Federal offense. A year after the law went into effect in August, 1965, only one action had been brought under the criminal provisions, plus four injunction suits.

Federal examiners have concentrated on processing Negro voter applications. To date, they have been sent for this purpose into forty-two counties. None of them have been sent, however, into Georgia or

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Virginia or the North Carolina counties that come under the law. Neither Virginia nor Georgia has yet achieved fifty per cent of potential Negro registration, and both have areas considered difficult for Negro registration.

There has been general and steady criticism among Southern Negro leaders of the fact that relatively few counties have had Federal examiners. "The results of the 1966 elections plainly indicate the strength and influence of the Negro vote in the South," said Vernon E. Jordan, Jr., director of the Voter Education Project. "Yet this strength is far from what it ought to be. Only about half of the Negroes of voting age are registered in the South, whereas seventy per cent of the white adults are registered to vote. This is a gap that must be closed if Negroes are to have a fair share of the voice in Southern politics. . . . the registration increases of the past year demonstrate the need for more Federal examiners."

THIS NEED is borne out by the fact that the three states that have had the greatest increase in Negro voter registration since the law went into effect—Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana—received most of the examiners. Mississippi Negro registration increased from seven per cent of potential in November, 1964, to 32.9 per cent by the summer of 1966. Where examiners were absent, the increase was small, as in Georgia, which increased from 43.8 per cent to only 47.2 per cent during the same period. To be sure, part of the difficulty in Georgia and the other states as they near registration of fifty per cent of eligible Negroes is that of encouraging the apathetic holdouts to make the effort, but the lack of examiners is surely a factor. A study last spring by the Voter Education Project showed that Federal examiners rank ahead of organized drives in getting registration results.

The greater part of voter registration has been and is still being done by local organizations. The role of the civil-rights groups has been to encourage local affiliates, or, as in the 1962-1964 work of SNCC and CORE, to send workers into the toughest areas to encourage registration and development of local

organizations. Terrorism and economic intimidation continue in many parts of the South. The defeat of the jury-reform amendment and specific prohibitions against terrorism in the 1966 civil-rights bill was a major disappointment to Negroes. Apathy as well as fear feeds on such failures.

The wonder is that there is as much faith left as there seems to be. Despite gloominess among the sophisticated and the blandishments of black power, the work of registration and the development of conventional political organization go on. In the headiest days of the movement's progress, faith in the power of the vote had an ecstatic quality. The entry of the movement into traditional politics has brought a more resilient and realistic kind of faith that stands up to the knowledge that getting the vote will not change everything overnight.

Hard-Learned Lessons

All along, the most acute observers have said that the great strength of the Negro movement in the South was basically not political but moral, and that Negroes are not likely to emerge possessed of better or worse political skills than whites. What they have acquired is a deep understanding of a pervasive moral dilemma of the nation, and their chief political stands have been to insist that some things (such as the Bill of Rights) cannot be compromised.

One thing that has been changing rapidly and very much for the better is the working political relationship between the Negroes and white moderates and liberals in the South. Traditionally, such whites have had a peculiar political style; because they were such a tiny minority, it amounted to seeking progressive ends without letting the racist majorities know what they were up to. Rather than risk increasing racial tensions, they usually avoided strong stands on direct issues. Negroes ended this subterfuge by taking their own strong stand. Now their numbers as voters and potential voters offer white liberals the opportunity to join in the development of political power.

Perhaps the hardest lesson these Negro Southerners have yet to teach others is that some principles are worth losing for, in the hope that eventually they will prevail. There are indications that the lesson is being learned; possibly, for instance, in the refusal of Congressman Charles Weltner of Georgia to run for reelection because it meant backing Lester Maddox, and in the overt bid of Alabama Attorney General Richmond Flowers for Negro support in his race for governor against the Wallaces.

The hopeful aspects of the Southern political situation, indeed, are not to be counted in the victories and defeats during the first year of fuller Negro voting strength. They are to be found in the fact that in 1966, Negroes and whites were moving toward a working political opposition to the forces of racism in every Southern state. This was not true ten years ago, or even two.

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Malaysia After Confrontation

DENIS WARNER

KUALA LUMPUR

"WELCOME, Mr. President, to the Land of Natural Rubber," read a sign stretching across the highway outside the Kuala Lumpur airport the day President Johnson arrived here last fall. A thousand words could scarcely have said more. Without ado, the President was plunged into the heart of the Malaysian matter: its need for stable prices for natural rubber and its fears about excessive reliance on synthetics by the United States. In view of the still fragile nature of the Malaysian economy and its dependence on world prices for tin as well as rubber, the fears are justified. Since the beginning of 1966, the price of rubber has dropped from about twenty-three cents to twenty-one cents a pound and tin has gone from $233 to $203 a picul (133.3 pounds)—enough to cause anxiety in a country with only two eggs in its economic basket and both of them subject to rough handling in the fluctuating international commodities market.

As the President could see for himself when he drove into the clean, prosperous, and rapidly expanding capital, no one could accuse Malaysia of having failed to tend its garden. The roads are good. The trains run on time. In fact, the entire Malay Peninsula has an air of prosperity and progress that is rivaled nowhere in Southeast Asia. It is in the interests of both Malaysia and the United States to keep it that way. Close on the heels of the President came Eugene Black, his adviser on Southeast Asian economic and social affairs. No sooner did he arrive than he all but promised U.S. aid in port development, road construction, and education. Without doubt, this is simply the forerunner of more aid to come.

A Knot in the Old Tie

Eighteen months ago Malaysia was an area of exclusively British patronage. London and Kuala Lumpur were not merely allies in resisting Indonesian attempts to crush Malaysia; British investment and aid, both military and economic, made for the closest of post-colonial relationships. Since then, that relationship has undergone some subtle changes and others not so subtle.

The feud between Malaysia and its former state of Singapore has spilled over to include Britain, and there are deep Malay suspicions that the British Foreign Office prefers the aggressive socialism of Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew to the conservatism of Malaysia's Tengku Abdul Rahman. Britain's refusal last year to provide $216 million in military grants and its reluctance to continue to help economically until Malaysia and Singapore come to economic terms were regarded in Kuala Lumpur as unwarranted and unfriendly pressures. The people here find it difficult to believe that Britain is genuinely concerned to see a common defense agreement worked out between Singapore and Malaysia and to help Singapore find an outlet for the industrial skills of its now circumscribed and dangerously expanding Chinese population.

Indeed, though the British appear to have had the best of motives, they have gone about things in the worst possible way. "Anglo-Malaysia relations are not proving that aid-with-strings is wrong so much as they are underlining the old Afro-Asian story that badly chosen strings, which fail to take account of local susceptibilities, are likely to be counter-productive and to create the instability that aid is meant to prevent," wrote the influential *Far Eastern Economic Review*.

To Kuala Lumpur, Britain also looks like an agent provocateur in the politically troubled East Malaysian state of Sarawak. Britons working in the government there have been unceremoniously bundled out, and a British diplomat in Sarawak's capital of Kuching was accused of interfering in Malaysia's domestic affairs.

The disenchantment with Britain has not resulted in any official turning away from the West in general. On the contrary, the Johnson visit and the accompanying hopes of new economic aid have broadened Kuala Lumpur's horizons. It has become more aware than ever of the U.S. role in Southeast Asia. Vietnam used to seem remote, divorced from the problems besetting Malaysia, and therefore of no great concern. Today the Vietnam war is recognized to be of vital importance to the security of Malaysia itself.

A government White Paper published in Kuala Lumpur a few days before President Johnson's visit was notable not merely for its warning that the Malayan Communist Party had again become a threat but also for its acknowledgment of the importance of the U.S. role in Vietnam. "South Vietnam is the testing ground for Mao Tse-tung's theories of 'people's war' and 'wars of national liberation,' and victory for the Vietcong will vindicate Peking's advocacy of aggression and revolution in Asia, Africa, and Latin America," declared Dr. Ismail, the Minister of Home Affairs and Justice, in a foreword to the White Paper. "It is the gallant struggle of the South Vietnamese people and their government, helped by the American military presence in South Vietnam, which stands heroically in the way of Peking's evil aspirations."

Parts Against the Whole

No Malaysian troops are in Vietnam and probably none will be sent there, but the Malaysian political commitment has not escaped Peking's attention. It will certainly be a factor as the young Federation faces the tests ahead of it, including those stemming from Malaysia's incautious expulsion of Singapore from the Federation in August, 1965. Economic and regional problems have been exacerbated by the separation. This is true also of the much more inflammable problems of race and language.

In its original form, Malaysia was neatly contrived to balance the races and the regions. Sabah and Sarawak,

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the two backward and multiracial Borneo states, looked to Singapore for moral support in their dealings with the Malay-dominated government in Kuala Lumpur. With Singapore's departure, their misgivings about the central government immediately increased.

Sarawak is a land of swamp and jungle, populated by 875,000 mostly illiterate Sea Dyaks, Chinese, Malays, Land Dyaks, Melanaus, and numerous other tribes. The two principal racial groups, substantially more than half the population, are the Sea Dyaks or Ibans, who live in longhouses in the interior, and the Chinese, who are mostly traders, merchants, and rubber and pepper farmers. Only the coastal Malays and Melanaus, who are Muslims, have any real affinity with the mainland Malays, and they are outnumbered five to two by the Ibans and Chinese.

What can only be described as incredible ineptitude on the part of Kuala Lumpur has now thrown the Chinese and Ibans together in opposition to the central government. This could lead to grave trouble. As part of the agreement with Indonesia for ending Sukarno's "confrontation" policy, Kuala Lumpur is to hold early elections in Sabah and Sarawak to confirm the willingness of the two states to remain in the Federation. In Sabah, despite many misgivings, Malaysia is now seen as the best of several unattractive alternatives. In Sarawak, however, there is little doubt that the ruling Alliance Party, which is loyal to Tengku Abdul Rahman's Alliance Party in Kuala Lumpur, will be turned out.

SUPP and SNAP

This result will certainly be interpreted in Djakarta and elsewhere as a vote of no confidence in Malaysia. It also can scarcely fail to encourage the Sarawak Communist Organization, which, according to seemingly well-based intelligence estimates, is committed to wage an armed struggle. Acting under emergency powers that were proclaimed in highly dubious circumstances, the government during the first week of last September arrested 118 unidentified suspected Communists, most of them from the predominantly Chinese Sarawak United People's Party (SUPP). To what extent the government netted legitimate critics along with the conspirators is impossible to tell. The lines have been so blurred that almost no one, including those most intimately concerned, can be sure where loyal opposition ends and treason begins.

From the time Sarawak joined Malaysia until last September the state's leading political figure was Stephen Kalong Ningkan, a forty-six-year-old Iban who was a founder member of the Sarawak National Party, better known as SNAP. At first he opposed Sarawak's participation in Malaysia but later became one of the Federation's firmest supporters. In this role, he also became a founder member of the Sarawak Alliance Party and the state's first Chief Minister.

That Ningkan used his office for personal profit is not denied even by his closest supporters, He was also much too ready, in Kuala Lumpur's

estimation, to make use of British expatriate officials, even in senior policymaking positions in the state civil service. Early last year, the Tengku wrote to Ningkan, urging him to dismiss the British officials and offering to replace them with Malays. Ningkan ignored the advice.

With confrontation drawing to a close and Anglo-Malaysian relations at a low ebb, the Tengku decided that the much too independent Ningkan had to go. But instead of forcing his hand by a vote of no confidence in the Sarawak parliament, Kuala Lumpur acted on the basis of a secret letter that was signed by a majority of the members and sent to the governor of Sarawak.

Ningkan immediately appealed to the Sarawak High Court, where the case was argued by London barristers and heard by an Englishman, the acting chief justice of Sarawak, Mr. Justice E. R. Harley. Harley won no thanks in Kuala Lumpur for his finding in favor of Ningkan: constitutionally, Ningkan remained Chief Minister until he resigned, and the governor had no power to dismiss him. Nor was the judge impressed with the secret letter. "It seems to me," he said, "that by the provisions of the Sarawak Constitution, lack of confidence may be demonstrated only by a vote in the Council Negri [Sarawak's parliament]. Men who put their names to a top-secret letter may well hesitate to vote publicly in support of their private views."

Almost everyone knew that this was very much the case. As was later admitted by Tawi Sli, the spokesman for the Sarawak Alliance who replaced Ningkan as Chief Minister, members of the Council Negri had been taken to Kuala Lumpur for voting orders. After signing affidavits against Ningkan, they were flown back to Kuching in a special plane and held together under house arrest to forestall any possibility that they might change their minds.

NINGKAN played his cards shrewdly after the favorable court ruling. He recommended dissolution of the Council Negri and an early election, which he probably could have won. His opponents countered with a demand for a meeting of the Council Negri. Ningkan, knowing that a majority of the parliament members was against him, refused to call such a meeting.

Members of the United Malays National Organization in Kuching then went to work to create the proper climate for Kuala Lumpur's next step. In mid-September they demonstrated against the Ningkan government and Kuala Lumpur declared a state of emergency in Sarawak. Four days later both houses of the Malaysian Parliament approved a bill giving the governor of Sarawak power to convene a meeting of the Council Negri and to dismiss the Chief Minister and cabinet if they refused to resign after a vote of no confidence. Thus the

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federal government got rid of Ningkan and in a sense won the battle. But it also has come perilously close to losing Sarawak. Ningkan has become a hero of the opposition. SNAP, now out of the Alliance, has set up operational headquarters above a Kuching nightclub and is already campaigning vigorously for the election. Ningkan describes his successor, Tawi Sli, as "just the stooge of a foreign country," i.e., Malaysia, and he adds, "If you vote for me, vote for my party, you'll vote for the independence of Sarawak."

Though poles apart ideologically, SNAP and the left-wing SUPP are pursuing parallel courses on this vital issue. Ningkan has resisted urgings to accept Communist support, but he may well be tempted to change his mind as the pressures of the campaign mount.

Kuala Lumpur's dilemma is that it cannot bring itself to hold an election whose outcome seems certain to cast doubts on the validity and survival of Malaysia, but neither can it postpone the election indefinitely without breaking its agreement with Indonesia and causing the situation in Sarawak to deteriorate. The temptation is to continue to act under the state-of-emergency regulations, but the most likely effect of mass arrests would be to push the Communists, the non-Communists, and opportunists from Indonesia into a working relationship. Kuala Lumpur is correct when it says that for Sarawak's own interest, Malaysia is not just the best of indifferent alternatives; considering the backwardness of Sarawak and the poverty of its resources, there is really no other choice except, perhaps, to become absorbed in the Indonesian empire, a fate that would scarcely be to the liking of the Chinese in Sarawak.

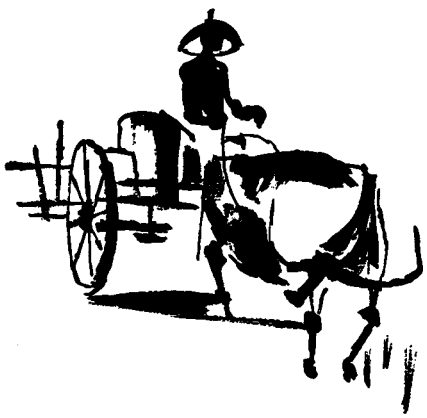
Adding to Kuala Lumpur's current troubles is the planned introduction of Malay as the national language next August. This has aroused increasing resentment among the Chinese in Malaya. It has also begun to have repercussions in Sarawak, where it is aggravating fears of Malayan "colonialism." Unfortunately, attempts by the Tengku to assuage non-Malays by emphasizing that English and other languages will continue to be used has often been undermined by the ultra-nationalists in his own party.

The Malays have traditionally regarded language as a means of asserting Malay rights and of keeping the Chinese in their place. Chinese throughout the Malay Peninsula and in Singapore are well aware of this and are reacting predictably. "This could have exactly the effect that the Tengku has striven to avoid —that of driving the Chinese into the arms of the Malayan Communist Party," said a middle-of-the-road Chinese. "I have never been more concerned about the future than I am today."

Because many Malays have always shared the prejudices against the Chinese that the Indonesians have expressed so ferociously in recent months, the possibility of communal violence is nothing new. It has been kept in check by postponing or avoiding communal issues. In the case of the national language, the ten-year period of grace seemed long enough at the time of Malayan independence in 1957. With the experience of India and Ceylon to provide disturbing examples of just how serious the language issue can be, some responsible Malay leaders would now prefer a further period of grace. But they are captive to the more unreasoning demands of the rank and file.

Singapore's Problems

Although Singapore is now a separate and sovereign state, its apprehensions about communal trouble in Malaysia match those of the Malaysians themselves. Prime Minister Lee is striving to create a multiracial country that, despite the large Chinese population, will reach a modus vivendi with its primarily Malay neighbors on either side of the Strait of Malacca. As Lee well knows, racial violence on the Malay Peninsula could not fail to react on Singapore and set back its trade relations with Malaysia and eventually with Indonesia.



Some Chinese who have staked their own future on the future of Singapore are now more pessimistic than I have ever known them. Not only are they afraid of racial and Communist violence in Malaysia and its effect on Singapore. They also fear a decline in the popularity of the Lee government that would benefit the Communist-oriented Barisan Sosialis Party.

These fears are valid. The unemployment figure in Singapore today is eighty-three thousand, or fifteen per cent of the working population. The number of jobless has risen by fifteen thousand since 1963, when Malaysia came into being. This has happened even though the prospect of federation with Malaya had brought renewed confidence in Singapore's future as the workshop of Southeast Asia and had resulted in a boom in building activity, the arrival of new foreign capital, and the creation of new industries.

The future course of the unemployment problem depends on what level of industrial development Singapore is able to sustain. At the moment, the prospect is less than hopeful. Singapore leaders have traveled east and west in search of new markets with little success. Their failures are reflected in a declining interest in Singapore as a profitable field for capital investment. Initial productivity tends to be low and costs therefore high. In addition, tariff barriers and quotas face industrialists who take the risk.

Despite all this, Singapore's current problems are less formidable than many it faced right after the Second World War. This is true not only of Singapore but of the whole Malaysian area, Sarawak included. None of the current problems is insoluble and there are few that a common sense of interdependence would not ease. To maintain its prosperity and its prospects for orderly development, as President Johnson was reminded, the region needs a fair price for rubber and for tin. But above all it needs something that no one else can provide: the will to learn to live with itself.

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Peru's Misfired Guerrilla Campaign

NORMAN GALL

QUILLABAMBA, PERU

SEVERAL TIMES a year on Saturday nights, the peasants of the Valley of La Convención at the eastern base of the Andes in southern Peru used to forgather in the sprawling, dusty plaza of this tiny market town. They would start coming around midnight, the men marching six abreast in sandals cut from old rubber tires and shouting "*Tierra o muerte!*"—"Land or death!" They carried no weapons, although the barefoot women who followed them, some with infants bound to their backs in shawls, had rocks bundled in their wine-colored homespun skirts. The men wore faded brown ponchos and floppy sheepskin hats. Their next day's lunch, pieces of yucca and salted meat, was tied inside sweat-stained sashes around their waists.

When dawn came, they formed small groups around the benches of the plaza, watched uneasily from the police station by Civil Guards. By noon, there were usually three thousand in the plaza for these political meetings of the peasant leagues, or *sindicatos*. They came on asses or in trucks from the remote haciendas of the valley; many had traveled all night, sustained by the sugar-based brew called *aguardiente*. Through the afternoon they cheered in Spanish and Quechua (the Andean vernacular once used by the Incas) as their leaders urged them to seize the land "because it is ours" and to stop providing labor on the haciendas. They cheered whatever they heard.

Some of the speakers were Communist university students from Cuzco, the old Incan capital two hundred miles away, who had descended to La Convención to help organize the *sindicatos*. In the angry delirium of those hot afternoons, the Communist orators often harangued the peasants on matters they could understand only remotely, if at all—the need for nationalization of the Standard Oil subsidiary in Peru and for solidarity with the revolutionary peoples of Cuba and Algeria.

But the main thing these Indian-born sharecroppers seemed to comprehend was the question of land. In convulsive waves of violence that tore up the valley's feudal system of land tenure, the Peasant Federation of La Convención staged a strike to abolish the centuries-old obligation of free labor on the haciendas. Policemen and landlords were ambushed and killed. Serfdom ended as the peasants gained de facto ownership of their miserable subsistence plots, two-thirds of which are too small to feed a family. The landlords had to scour the highlands to find migrant workers to harvest their crops.

Setback for the Guerrillas

This agrarian revolt in La Convención, ending with the 1964 police crackdown on the *sindicatos*, set the stage for what turned out to be a major Communist miscalculation—an attempt to follow the land seizures with a "war of national liberation" through guerrilla insurgency in the twelve-thousand-foot-high Mesa Pelada that rises abruptly from La Convención Valley.

Like many of the Cuzco students, the guerrilla leaders—an aristocratic-looking lawyer, Luis de la Puente Uceda, and a long-time émigré trained at the Sorbonne, Guillermo Lobatón—failed to distinguish between Indian hunger for land and apathy toward the politics of revolution. They failed to win sufficient support to withstand the well-executed counterinsurgency operations of the Peruvian Army Ranger Battalions.

The failure of the Communists to understand the peasants probably was responsible for the guerrillas' bad sense of timing. The peasants had just gotten land, which made them much more conservative than a few years before, and they still had hope of getting more through President Fernando Belaúnde Terry's agrarian reform. After the land seizures, the peasants had built new roads and schools. Many bought shoes and trucks and transistor radios.

It remains to be seen whether Belaúnde was right last March when he said: "We have beaten the Communists once and for all. We are sure they won't be back." But the Peruvian experience, coming as it did at a time when Communists at the Tricontinental Conference in Havana were calling for stepped-up terror and subversion in Latin America, is still insufficiently recognized for what it was—a major setback for the advocates of "wars of national liberation." The United States can claim some of the credit; although it is correct, as Belaúnde proudly said, that the Peruvian Rangers were able to crush the guerrillas "without significant foreign military assistance," thousands of Peruvian soldiers were trained at U. S. Army schools, and the U.S. has contributed more than $120 million in military aid to Peru.

For the rest, Communist ineptitude was largely to blame. Many people in the United States regard Communism so mystically that they are blind to its drabness, its corruption, its stupidity. They forget that Communists are as likely to be followers of revolutions as leaders of them. The Peruvian Moscow-line chief, Raúl Acosta, said after the guerrilla insurgency began that "a revolutionary situation does not exist in Peru." However, the country's far Left is so badly splintered there are at least seven other "Marxist" groups to disagree with the Moscow line. The students, in particular, are not easy for Acosta to control. Most of their leaders are pro-Peking.

Scholarships and Corruption

The universities have been the point of origin for many leftists who turned into Communist insurgents. Between 1960 and 1965, the number of Peruvian universities grew from nine to thirty-three, secondary schools from 170 to six hundred. Many students have read the simple guerrilla tracts of Che

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Guevara and Mao Tse-tung and consider themselves militant revolutionaries in the Chinese style.

Jorge Monson Pesantes, a lean and cool twenty-nine-year-old law student who is president of the Cuzco Student Federation, told me: "The university movement is a means of achieving national liberation. Many sons of peasants and workers are now entering the university, and progressive thought is having more success. We are still in the beginning stage of understanding what the revolution is all about."

Nevertheless, Monson presides over a machine that is quite effective politically. Cuzco University has grown from eight hundred students ten years ago to some four thousand, but its budget amounts to only $450 a student each year. The Student Federation has won over many poor students by providing them with "scholarships" of $30 a month. To get them early, the Communist administration of the Ayacucho University maintains a primary and secondary school for four hundred children who receive indoctrination for twelve years. The two radio announcers in the short-wave broadcasts beamed nightly from Moscow in the Quechua tongue are products of the Cuzco and Ayacucho machines.

But pervasive corruption has soured many on these political organizations. Since, under the 1960 university-reform law, professors can be fired by a simple student majority within their college, faculty members are obliged to curry the favor of student leaders, often bribing them with money and high marks. Professors can afford to flunk only a small number of students for failing to attend classes or to master their course material. During the election of university administrative officials, the bribes are often decisive in rallying the necessary student votes to bring aspiring deans and rectors to office.

Once student leaders graduate, many become "juridicial advisers" to the *sindicatos,* partly from political conviction, partly because it is an excellent business. "The Indians are crazy about legal documents," one Cuzco lawyer told me. "They have no money for shoes or food or medicine, but they will dig up their life savings from a hole in the floor to buy a worthless piece of paper from some crooked lawyer. Here in Cuzco there are experts who specialize in forging colonial sheepskin land titles. To get extra money out of the peasants, the Communist lawyers will tell them that the Yankee imperialists have taken the colonial land records to the United States, and it will cost triple the usual fee to get them back."

THE STUDENT ROLE in the guerrilla movement goes back to 1960, when Hugo Blanco, a lanky Cuzco youth who was shy in conversation but an excellent orator in Quechua, went to work on a coffee plantation as a subtenant farmer. Blanco, who became a Trotskyite while studying agronomy in Argentina, began

preaching revolution and organizing militant *sindicatos.* Soon he was accused of subversion and fled into the hills with a group of peasants armed with shotguns, pistols, and old rifles. First a Civil Guard was killed and arms were seized in an attack on a rural police station; then two more policemen were killed and their weapons taken in an ambush. Cattle thefts from the haciendas increased markedly. It became generally known that the peasants were protecting Blanco and his companions. Despite this, Blanco was captured three years ago after a long manhunt and only last September was sentenced to twenty-five years in prison after a military trial. But his rebellion had changed the valley and laid the groundwork for wider guerrilla operations.

Shortly after Blanco's capture, Luis de la Puente Uceda, a former student leader who became friendly with Fidel Castro when both were in exile in Mexico in the mid-1950's, began making preparations for guerrilla activity in the high and wild natural Andean fortress of Mesa Pelada. Since 1960, he had received several thousand dollars from the Castro régime. He was a thin, long-nosed, bespectacled lawyer of thirty-six with the Hispanic stamp of the white-skinned coastal aristocracy. He did not speak Quechua, and the peasants called him a gringo. He was expelled from the neo-Marxist APRA movement in 1959—after heading the Peruvian Students Federation and running the party machine in its electoral bastion of Trujillo—when he protested the formerly leftist APRA's growing alliance with the Peruvian oligarchy. When the guerrillas finally began operating in central and southern Peru, de la Puente and Guillermo Lobatón—guerrilla chieftain of the Castroite Movimiento de la Izquierda Revolucionaria (MIR)—seemed to be competing to see whose band would make more headlines.

Their chances of victory were lessened because Belaúnde's freely elected régime—for all the slowness with which its reform program was being put into practice—had little in common with the brutal and corrupt dictatorships against which guerrilla insurgencies do best. The guerrillas' probable immediate objective was to provoke the army to seize power, since leftist insurrection could not topple Belaúnde's régime, according to Guevara's *Guerrilla Warfare*: "Where a government has come to power through some form of popular vote, fraudulent or not, and maintains at least an appearance of constitutional legality, the guerrilla outbreak cannot be promoted, since the possibilities of peaceful struggle have not been exhausted."

The tactic failed. Peru's army, one of the best-disciplined in Latin America, had been getting ready for guerrillas since 1963. Many Peruvian officers and noncoms were among the eighteen thousand Latin-American soldiers trained at the U.S. Army Counterinsurgency School in Panama. Thousands more have undergone Special Forces training in the

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United States, and others participated in intensive courses in intelligence, logistics, communications, and jungle warfare. In addition, many agents of the Peruvian Investigative Police have attended a counterinsurgency school run by the Central Intelligence Agency. Detailed aerial maps of the Mesa Pelada area were made after Hugo Blanco's capture, and thousands of Peruvian Rangers were available when de la Puente's guerrillas appeared there in May, 1965. The plateau was bombed repeatedly by British-made Canberra bombers of the Peruvian Air Force, even though the area was covered with fog most of the time.

The Army Moves In

The semitropical approaches to Mesa Pelada are winding mountain paths often clogged by high, stiff reeds. Several foot soldiers were killed by mines placed along these trails by the guerrillas. Patrols became lost in Mesa Pelada's twenty thousand acres, and three infantrymen, dressed in summer uniforms, froze to death on one expedition in the higher reaches. Faced with these difficulties in penetrating Mesa Pelada, the army decided to concentrate its main effort in sealing off the mountain paths by which the guerrillas had to enter or leave for food and information.

It now appears that the Mesa Pelada guerrillas were routed within five months of issuing their first press release without a single clash with the army. Their campaign was as good as broken when a thirty-year-old Cuzco University student named Albino Guzmán, who later said he was trained in China, descended from Mesa Pelada and surrendered to a village police post. Guzmán guided army patrols into the guerrilla zone, where thirteen camps were discovered and arms depots were found "with more weapons than the authorities had in all the valley." Peasants who served as porters for the guerrillas later complained that de la Puente reneged on promises to pay ten times the going rate for delivery of food and weapons.

On October 24, 1965, the Peruvian War Ministry announced that de la Puente and seven other guerrillas had perished in "an intense gun battle" in which no army casualties were reported. The army never produced the dead guerrillas' bodies. However, after ten days of interviewing in the area, it was clear to me that the guerrillas' adventure lacked even the glamor of death in battle. A few days before de la Puente's death was announced over a national radio network, soldiers marched four guerrillas with their hands raised into a tiny village near the Hacienda Amaybamba. With about a hundred villagers and peasants looking on, the prisoners were placed against the adobe wall of a general store and searched, and then were taken down the mountainside in a covered truck. Soon afterward, more soldiers came down the mountain saying that de la Puente himself had been captured in a cornfield. He had been found sitting under a plastic tent, drinking from a can of condensed milk and only asked to be allowed to finish his milk. "We waited all that evening, until midnight, for the army to bring de la Puente down," a villager told me, "but he never came. We learned the next day that the soldiers had borrowed some shovels and then the radio announcement came that eight guerrillas had been killed in battle."

It was not until last June 18 that the army announced that the insurgency was at an end and gave its official toll of dead in the year of fighting: thirty-eight. The army dispatch appended a note of caution to Peruvians to "beware of subversion."

It was not idle advice. An American sociologist working with peasants in La Convención told me: "Though the conditions for guerrilla insurrection do not now exist, they may in two or three years. Nearly all the land distributed so far consists of two-acre marginal plots on steep valley slopes that are good for only one good crop every three years. Besides that, coffee prices continue falling. And the valley just doesn't have enough good land to go around."

The popular Belaúnde, elected in 1963 on promises of reform, said nothing last year when the government's agrarian-reform budget was cut by 17.5 per cent, virtually eliminating any possibility that the lagging land-distribution program would gain momentum soon. Backed by a curious combination of profiteers and left-wing idealists, Belaúnde has presided by yielding to the moment's strongest pressures without risking his prestige to fight for the real advances that he promised.

This reluctance to press for reforms apparently shaved away some of his support in last fall's municipal elections. In his home city of Arequipa, for instance, the extreme Left ran its own slate of candidates and made a strong showing. At the other end of the political spectrum, some voters still traumatized by the guerrilla insurrection switched their support from Belaúnde's Popular Action-Christian Democratic alliance to the conservative opposition. The Christian Democrats, in turn, have suffered a Right-Left split.

FOR THE MOMENT, the Communist uprising has been aborted, and there is comfort in the knowledge that the wider plan to foment wars of national liberation in Latin America can be plagued with more mistakes than the democratic efforts to oppose it. While the Communists of Peru are badly splintered and have failed to find a way to the hearts and minds of the peasants, a democratic régime has found an effective way to oppose a guerrilla insurgency. The government, however, has not yet met the real test—alleviating the social tensions generated by a long-quiescent Indian culture now insistently seeking incorporation into the material civilization of the West.

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Washington Fights Creeping Concrete

HELEN LEAVITT

Residents of Washington are embroiled in a struggle against a spreading freeway system that many feel will disrupt their city without solving its transportation difficulties. But unlike the citizens of San Francisco and New York, who have had some success in opposing additional expressways, the people of the nation's capital have no political leverage to help them carry on their fight. The National Capital Planning Commission, which passes on the Highway Department's plans, is not notably responsive to Washingtonians—and neither are the Congressmen who oversee the District of Columbia's affairs.

The immediate controversy centers on the question of whether Washington, which already has thirty per cent of its land devoted to streets and highways, should build more freeways, as Congress and the Highway Department intend to do, or concentrate its efforts toward the development of a rapid-transit system, as an increasing number of city and suburban dwellers want to do. Although District officials expect to open a three-route subway system by 1972, their freeway plans are much more ambitious. Several civic organizations, including the District Democratic Party, and private citizens have now joined in a lawsuit in what they view as a final attempt to dam the flood of automobiles that threatens to lessen still further not only the amount of land on the tax rolls, but also the space available for living, working, and playing.

Impasse Out of Chaos

In 1963, President Kennedy established the seven-man Policy Advisory Committee, which he directed to create order out of the transportation chaos in the capital. By January, 1966, the PAC was in unanimous agreement only on the fact that it had reached an impasse. Half of the members voting wanted a subway system first and to examine the need for more highways after the subway's impact could be measured. The other half wanted to get on with a $700-million highway-construction program advocated by the Highway Department. The three District Commissioners who govern the city by Presidential appointment already had expressed the fear that a 1972 deadline for obtaining Federal highway funds would expire before all the planned freeways could be built.

President Johnson then requested the PAC to engage an independent consulting firm to study Washington's transportation problems. The choice was left to the Highway Department, which selected the respected Arthur D. Little Company. Its

report, submitted early last spring, concluded that "Present plans for freeway extensions in the District of Columbia are based upon insufficient data, and on questionable assumptions and forecasting techniques," and that "Transportation planning has been carried out with inadequate regard for long-range economic and social impact."

The Little report recommended that all District freeway proposals be reconsidered carefully and suggested that in the meantime, simple street and traffic controls be applied to alleviate congestion. These included better control of traffic onto existing freeways and major arteries, better control of traffic into downtown areas through one-way traffic and adjustments in traffic-light timing, greater use of tolls on freeways, new taxes on parking spaces to divert people to public transit, and a program to encourage the use of public transit.

The Little report was largely disregarded. The Washington newspapers labeled it just another ineffective obstacle put forward by freeway opponents.

Nevertheless, opposition to the extension of Washington's freeway system has been gaining momentum over the last two years. Last September and again in October, important sections of the Highway Department's proposed system gained the approval of the National Capital Planning Commission only over the vocal protests of more than seventy-five leaders of various citizens' groups.

First of all, critics of the freeways question the basic assumption of highway planners that traveling by car is the best method for moving large numbers of people in already highly congested cities. Cars in the United States carry an average of only about 1.3 persons each trip. Even studies based on a higher occupancy rate (up to 1.7 persons) show that the maximum hourly capacity of a superhighway is 4,800 persons a lane. A double-track rail system can move fifty thousand persons an hour. Two subway tracks in New York City can move a hundred thousand people in one direction in an hour; moving the same number by auto would require twenty four-lane highways. That is why opponents of the freeways in Washington want to greatly expand the plans for the $431-million subway system and put the District's bus system in better working order. The presently planned subway lines do not reach into the Maryland and Virginia suburbs where the commuters live.

Another reason why anti-highway groups are trying to thwart the Highway Department's determined effort to carry out its $700-million plan is that less than thirty-five per cent of the city's land is taxable and the city cannot bear the further depletion that would result if more land were condemned for highway construction.

Still other objections are based on the fact that much of the roadway would cut through high-density low-income neighborhoods with their small businesses, posing a difficult relocation problem. Critics

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point out that though the Highway Department is legally committed to find suitable housing for all the displaced families, more than five thousand families are already on public-housing waiting lists. They add, moreover, that there is little land left in the city that would be suitable for new housing.

The Highway Department has countered this objection by offering to replace the buildings it will tear down with attractive public housing constructed over the expressways. To do this, it will have to obtain air rights through Congressional legislation, which it began drafting in 1963 but did not submit to the Bureau of the Budget until March, 1966. Such slowness has led some of the anti-highway people to question the department's sincerity on this matter, and the vagueness of the proposed legislation has caused some District lawyers to wonder whether the department really expects it to stand up.

The Money Rush

Washington highway officials are anxious to complete their plans primarily because of the "90-10" money —ninety per cent Federal and ten per cent local—that is available for interstate roads by virtue of the Federal Highway Act of 1956. They emphasize the advantages of bringing this money into the community and point out that the cut-off date for the Federal share is 1972. However, as the Washington *Post,* straying unexpectedly from its usual pro-freeway position, commented recently, "The 1972 cut-off is a myth, useful only to ram bad designs through panicked local governments. When the moment comes, the cut-off will be averted by the same alliance of construction industries and local highway authorities that upholds it now." Some critics call the 90-10 money a carrot-and-stick device to justify the construction of highways rather than the planning of a balanced transportation system. They would like to see the 90-10 formula applied to mass-transit development as well.

In July, 1965, Senator Joseph D. Tydings (D., Maryland) and Representative Jonathan B. Bingham (D., New York) jointly introduced legislation in Congress that would give local officials in metropolitan areas the option of using Federal highway money to build the kind of networks they believe would offer the city dweller as well as the commuter the best-balanced transportation system. The legislation died when the 89th Congress adjourned. Unless similar legislation is passed soon, by 1972 the Federal government will have contributed more than $42 billion in sixteen years to help build interstate highways. By contrast, it has spent only a third of a billion dollars for mass transit so far.

Among the groups supporting the construction of more freeways in Washington are the business interests of the community. They blame a steady decline in downtown retail sales on traffic congestion—which they feel would be alleviated by the new roads—and inadequate parking facilities. Yet a study conducted in 1961 showed that at least ten thousand parking spaces were vacant in downtown Washington at all hours of the day. From 10 A.M. until 6 P.M., eighty per cent of all occupied parking space was filled by cars that were used for driving to work, while only four per cent was occupied by shoppers and 2.5

per cent by tourists, the two groups that business wants most to accommodate.

The same survey resulted in a prediction that 33,524 off-street parking spaces would be needed by 1971. In June, 1965, there already were 51,422 spaces, or fifty-three per cent more than the forecast need for 1971. Yet as the number of available parking spaces increased, retail sales in the downtown area decreased from $421 million in 1948 to $407 million in 1963. Clearly, accommodating the automobile in the downtown section does not guarantee increased retail sales.

Existing public transportation has also felt the impact of the present freeway and parking system. In the past two decades, while parking spaces have tripled, the number of passengers on the local transit system has dropped by sixty per cent. Because of its declining revenue, the D.C. Transit Company is asking for increased fares, even though fare hikes may ultimately result in decreased usage. Dr. Royce Hanson, a former professor of political science at American University who is now director of the Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies, recently proposed that fares be reduced and service improved to gain a greater volume of passengers and ultimately to increase revenue. But his proposal appears lost in the tug-of-war between proponents of direct subsidies to the bus system and supporters of increased fares.

Ex Officio Non Pro Bono

The lack of self-government is at the root of the frustrations of District residents. The National Capital Planning Commission, which continues to approve the freeways despite the widespread opposition, has five public members, who are appointed by the President. But they are outnumbered by the six ex-officio members from such agencies as the Bureau of Public Roads, the National Park Service, and the National Capital Transportation Agency. The ex-officio members are subject to pressure from Congress like that exerted last fall by Representative William H. Natcher (D., Kentucky), chairman of the District Appropriations subcommittee, who threatened not to approve funds for the new subway if the Planning Commission turned down the Highway Department's proposals. At a Commission session, Walter J. McCarter, head of the Transportation Agency, recognized Natcher's influence in a short statement of apology for the pro-freeway vote he was about to cast: "You must remember that my

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agency is a creature of Congress and whether or not we believe Natcher did the right thing or not, it was an action of the full Appropriations Committee and he was supported on the floor of Congress by a vote of over three hundred to less than ten. So that Congress believes in a balanced transportation system." The freeway critics have other explanations for Congress's actions, including effective lobbying by the rubber, petroleum, trucking, automobile, and concrete industries. These interests would be most unhappy to see an anti-freeway victory in so conspicuous an arena as the nation's capital.

Among the projects approved last fall were routes to feed traffic into the downtown section from the beltway that runs just outside the District and a new bridge from Georgetown to Arlington, Virginia, that will eat up thirty-four acres of waterfront and park land on the two banks of the Potomac. Having exhausted all procedural opportunities to halt these projects, the opponents have gone to court. Thirteen civic organizations representing thousands of residents of the District and its Virginia and Maryland suburbs, joined by the 170,000-member District Democratic Party as well as businessmen and private homeowners directly in the path of the projects, have filed a suit against the District government and certain Federal and District officials. They charge that illegal procedures have been used, such as the refusal by public officials to hold hearings before approving freeway plans. Another brief has been filed by the Arlington County Board challenging the officials' right to claim park land for the bridge site.

Unperturbed, the Highway Department is busy assembling sites for the new projects, with Washington's taxpaying residents footing the bill for the ten per cent of the cost that will assure the Federal government's ninety per cent. The freeways seem once more to have triumphed over rapid transit. And hundreds of millions of dollars are committed to what many thousands of District residents—and a growing number of commuters who would like to free themselves of dependence on their autos—do not want.

The Way to Rainy Mountain

N. SCOTT MOMADAY

A SINGLE KNOLL rises out of the plain in Oklahoma, north and west of the Wichita range. For my people, the Kiowas, it is an old landmark, and they gave it the name Rainy Mountain. The hardest weather in the world is there. Winter brings blizzards, hot tornadic winds arise in the spring, and in summer the prairie is an anvil's edge. The grass turns brittle and brown, and it cracks beneath your feet. There are green belts along the rivers and creeks, linear groves of hickory and pecan, willow and witch hazel. At a distance in July or August the steaming foliage seems almost to writhe in fire. Great green and yellow grasshoppers are everywhere in the tall grass, popping up like corn to sting the flesh, and tortoises crawl about on the red earth, going nowhere in the plenty of time. Loneliness is an aspect of the land. All things in the plain are isolate; there is no confusion of objects in the eye, but *one* hill or *one* tree or *one* man. To look upon that landscape in the early morning, with the sun at your back, is to lose the sense of proportion. Your imagination comes to life, and this, you think, is where Creation was begun.

I RETURNED to Rainy Mountain in July. My grandmother had died in the spring, and I wanted to be at her grave. She had lived to be very old and at last infirm. Her only living daughter was with her when she died, and I was told that in death her face was that of a child.

I like to think of her as a child. When she was born, the Kiowas were living the last great moment of their history. For more than a hundred years they had controlled the open range from the Smoky Hill River to the Red, from the headwaters of the Canadian to the fork of the Arkansas and Cimarron. In alliance with the Comanches, they had ruled the whole of the Southern Plains. War was their sacred business, and they were the finest horsemen the world has ever known. But warfare for the Kiowas was pre-eminently a matter of disposition rather than of survival, and they never understood the grim, unrelenting advance of the

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U.S. Cavalry. When at last, divided and ill provisioned, they were driven onto the Staked Plains in the cold of autumn, they fell into panic. In Palo Duro Canyon they abandoned their crucial stores to pillage and had nothing then but their lives. In order to save themselves, they surrendered to the soldiers at Fort Sill and were imprisoned in the old stone corral that now stands as a military museum. My grandmother was spared the humiliation of those high gray walls by eight or ten years, but she must have known from birth the affliction of defeat, the dark brooding of old warriors.

Her name was Aho, and she belonged to the last culture to evolve in North America. Her forebears came down from the high country in western Montana nearly three centuries ago. They were a mountain people, a mysterious tribe of hunters whose language has never been classified in any major group. In the late seventeenth century they began a long migration to the south and east. It was a journey toward the dawn, and it led to a golden age. Along the way the Kiowas were befriended by the Crows, who gave them the culture and religion of the Plains. They acquired horses, and their ancient nomadic spirit was suddenly free of the ground. They acquired Tai-me, the sacred sun-dance doll, from that moment the object and symbol of their worship, and so shared in the divinity of the sun. Not least, they acquired the sense of destiny, therefore courage and pride. When they entered upon the Southern Plains they had been transformed. No longer were they slaves to the simple necessity of survival; they were a lordly and dangerous society of fighters and thieves, hunters and priests of the sun. According to their origin myth, they entered the world through a hollow log. From one point of view, their migration was the fruit of an old prophecy, for indeed they emerged from a sunless world.

THOUGH my grandmother lived out her long life in the shadow of Rainy Mountain, the immense landscape of the continental interior lay like memory in her blood. She could tell of the Crows, whom she had never seen, and of the Black Hills, where she had never been. I wanted to see in reality what she had seen more perfectly in the mind's eye, and drove fifteen hundred miles to begin my pilgrimage.

A dark mist lay over the Black Hills, and the land was like iron.

At the top of a ridge I caught sight of Devil's Tower upthrust against the gray sky as if in the birth of time the core of the earth had broken through its crust and the motion of the world was begun. There are things in nature that engender an awful quiet in the heart of man; Devil's Tower is one of them. Two centuries ago, because of their need to explain it, the Kiowas made a legend at the base of the rock. My grandmother said:

"Eight children were there at play, seven sisters and their brother. Suddenly the boy was struck dumb; he trembled and began to run upon his hands and feet. His fingers became claws, and his body was covered with fur. There was a bear where the boy had been. The sisters were terrified; they ran, and the bear after them. They came to the stump of a great tree, and the tree spoke to them. It bade them climb upon it, and as they did so, it began to rise into the air. The bear came to kill them, but they were just beyond its reach. It reared against the tree and scored the bark all around with its claws. The seven sisters were borne into the sky, and they became the stars of the Big Dipper." From that moment, and so long as the legend lives, the Kiowas have kinsmen in the night sky. Whatever they were in the mountains, they could be no more. However tenuous their well-being, however much they had suffered and would suffer again, they had found a way out of the wilderness.

My grandmother had a reverence for the sun, a holy regard that now is all but gone out of mankind. There was a wariness in her, and an ancient awe. She was a Christian in her later years, but she had come a long way about, and she never forgot her birthright. As a child she had been to the sun dances; she had taken part in that annual rite, and by it she had learned the restoration of her people in the presence of Tai-me. She was about seven when the last Kiowa sun dance was held in 1887 on the Washita River above Rainy Mountain Creek. The buffalo were gone. In order to consummate the ancient sacrifice—to impale the head of a buffalo bull upon the Tai-me tree—a delegation of old men journeyed into Texas, there to beg and barter for an animal from the Goodnight herd. She was ten when the Kiowas came together for the last time as a living sun-dance culture. They could find no buffalo; they had to hang an old hide from the sacred tree. Before the dance could begin, a company of soldiers rode out from Fort Sill under orders to disperse the tribe. Forbidden without cause the essential act of their faith, having seen the wild herds slaughtered and left to rot upon the ground, the Kiowas backed away forever from the tree. That was July 20, 1890, at the great bend

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of the Washita. My grandmother was there. Without bitterness, and for as long as she lived, she bore a vision of deicide.

Now that I can have her only in memory, I see my grandmother in the several postures that were peculiar to her: standing at the wood stove on a winter morning and turning meat in a great iron skillet; sitting at the south window, bent above her beadwork, and afterwards, when her vision failed, looking down for a long time into the fold of her hands; going out upon a cane, very slowly as she did when the weight of age came upon her; praying. I remember her most often at prayer. She made long, rambling prayers out of suffering and hope, having seen many things. I was never sure that I had the right to hear, so exclusive were they of all mere custom and company. The last time I saw her she prayed standing by the side of her bed at night, naked to the waist, the light of a kerosene lamp moving upon her dark skin. Her long black hair, always drawn and braided in the day, lay upon her shoulders and against her breasts like a shawl. I do not speak Kiowa, and I never understood her prayers, but there was something inherently sad in the sound, some merest hesitation upon the syllables of sorrow. She began in a high and descending pitch, exhausting her breath to silence; then again and again—and always the same intensity of effort, of something that is, and is not, like urgency in the human voice. Transported so in the dancing light among the shadows of her room, she seemed beyond the reach of time. But that was illusion; I think I knew then that I should not see her again.

Houses are like sentinels in the plain, old keepers of the weather watch. There, in a very little while, wood takes on the appearance of great age. All colors wear soon away in the wind and rain, and then the wood is burned gray and the grain appears and the nails turn red with rust. The window panes are black and opaque; you imagine there is nothing within, and indeed there are many ghosts, bones given up to the land. They stand here and there against the sky, and you approach them for a longer time than you expect. They belong in the distance; it is their domain.

Once there was a lot of sound in my grandmother's house, a lot of coming and going, feasting and talk. The summers there were full of excitement and reunion. The Kiowas are a summer people; they abide the cold and keep to themselves, but when the season turns and the land becomes warm and vital they cannot hold still; an old love of going returns upon them. The aged visitors who came to my grandmother's house when I was a child were made of lean and leather, and they bore themselves upright. They wore great black hats and bright ample shirts that shook in the wind. They rubbed fat upon their hair and wound their braids with strips of colored cloth. Some of them painted their faces and carried the scars of old and cherished enmities.

They were an old council of warlords, come to remind and be reminded of who they were. Their wives and daughters served them well. The women might indulge themselves; gossip was at once the mark and compensation of their servitude. They made loud and elaborate talk among themselves, full of jest and gesture, fright and false alarm. They went abroad in fringed and flowered shawls, bright beadwork and German silver. They were at home in the kitchen, and they prepared meals that were banquets.

There were frequent prayer meetings, and nocturnal feasts. When I was a child I played with my cousins outside, where the lamplight fell upon the ground and the singing of the old people rose up around us and carried away into the darkness. There were a lot of good things to eat, a lot of laughter and surprise. And afterwards, when the quiet returned, I lay down with my grandmother and could hear the frogs away by the river and feel the motion of the air.

Now there is a funeral silence in the rooms, the endless wake of some final word. The walls have closed in upon my grandmother's house. When I returned to it in mourning, I saw for the first time in my life how small it was. It was late at night, and there was a white moon, nearly full. I sat for a long time on the stone steps by the kitchen door. From there I could see out across the land; I could see the long row of trees by the creek, the low light upon the rolling plains, and the stars of the Big Dipper. Once I looked at the moon and caught sight of a strange thing. A cricket had perched upon the handrail, only a few inches away. My line of vision was such that the creature filled the moon like a fossil. It had gone there, I thought, to live and die, for there, of all places, was its small definition made whole and eternal. A warm wind rose up and purled like the longing within me.

The next morning, I awoke at dawn and went out on the dirt road to Rainy Mountain. It was already hot, and the grasshoppers began to fill the air. Still, it was early in the morning, and birds sang out of the shadows. The long yellow grass on the mountain shone in the bright light, and a scissortail hied above the land. There, where it ought to be, at the end of a long and legendary way, was my grandmother's grave. She had at last succeeded to that holy ground. Here and there on the dark stones were ancestral names. Looking back once, I saw the mountain and came away.

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Eine Kleine Carbon Copy

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

THE FIRST INKLING that science is approaching a breakthrough in the fine arts came recently from Ann Arbor, Michigan, where biologist S. J. Behrman has been making successful experiments impregnating women with frozen sperm, some of which has been in the frozen state for some years.

Discussing the implications of his work, the Associated Press reported that Dr. Behrman envisioned a future when the sperm of "an Einstein or a Beethoven" could be preserved for reproduction.

Soon after these tidings were flashed to the world's press, there was another and still more dramatic dispatch from Los Angeles headlined "CARBON COPY MOZART SEEN." This was a story with tremendous implications for the future of music. According to United Press International, Elof Carlson, an associate professor of zoology at UCLA, has predicted that mankind would one day be able to reproduce its geniuses—its Mozarts, Lincolns, or Napoleons—in thousands of carbon-copy individuals. Scientists should be able to use the mummified genes of dead geniuses to create physical replicas of the originals, Professor Carlson asserted, and the copies would also have all the mental abilities of the originals. The reconstructions would be based on the individual genetic codes, or gene patterns, which are preserved in the dried tissues of mummified bodies, and the process would be of tremendous value to mankind. "For example, once the genetic code of a great musical genius is determined, hundreds of thousands of his duplicates can be created for the world's benefit," Professor Carlson was quoted as saying.

The process of reconstituting "thousands of Mozarts" or others would be similar to that employed with frogs' eggs, the professor explained. "A cell nucleus would be synthesized according to the gene pattern of the mummy, and then this synthetic nucleus would be surgically planted in a fertilized egg cell from which the original nucleus had been removed. . . . The cell would then be allowed to multiply naturally, and when there were, say, sixty-four, it would be put in a solution that would loosen the membrane that held the cells together. There would then be sixty-four new single identical cells from which to start the process of multiplication all over again. As soon as you had the desired number of single cells of King Tuts—or musical or mathematical geniuses—the cells would be allowed to complete their development into children."

THE CARLSON METHOD opens up fascinating vistas of great music yet to come and allows us to look forward to an epoch when the apostolic succession of the Three Bs will be continued by Bach V, Beethoven X, and Brahms XXIII. But it also raises a number of problems. I for one welcome the prospect of a starter set of sixty-four Mozarts. With that many we could have two Mozart orchestras with which to perform some of the 44,800 works that these Mozarts (according to my computer) are going to produce. But what about the environmental factors that the geneticists are always so prone to underestimate: who is going to provide the proper home atmosphere and musical background for these sixty-four Mozarts?

Just to have the basic talent without the necessary cultivation simply won't do; there must have been hundreds of potential Mozarts in history who were unable to develop their musical equipment because they grew up in a cheesemonger's family instead of a Konzertmeister's. The making of a child prodigy has always been as much a matter of early conditioning as of heredity—of having the child hear enough of the right kind of music while in the cradle stage of development; motivating the toddler (sometimes with cuffs and blows) toward the keyboard or quarter-size violin; getting the boy to practice hard enough, and having the father stand over the lad waggling a finger to keep time (and not just delegating the job to a metronome, as most parents do).

We shall need carbon-copy environment co-ordinators to duplicate the sixty-four stern Father Mozarts for practice supervision and sixty-four Sister Nannerls to play duets with. One could, of course, establish a special institute for Mozart conditioning, a sort of conservatory, but the sound of sixty-four Mozarts practicing at all hours of the day and night would be quite enough

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to send the most sensitive ones scurrying for quiet in some other line of work.

More than sixty-four Mozarts would not really be necessary, I should think. It might be preferable to branch out a little: sixty-four Berliozes, several dozen Chopins, one or two Wagners, a few Smetanas. We would have to set up an international commission of biologists and music critics to determine each year's mix, so as to avoid overproduction in any one area—genius planning,

in other words. I foresee, however, that some of those on the commission would have difficulty restraining their Luther Burbank impulses and might try adding a dash of Scriabin to the Schumann genetic pattern, for example, or lacing Brahms with a bit of Bartók.

In this respect I find the Behrman method superior to Carlson's because it introduces an element of chance into our calculations. An Einstein or a Beethoven could be donated to a Jane Austen or a Clara Schumann—women of proved accomplishment, in other words—and we would thus have every possibility of raising the standard of genius rather than having it remain fixed at some arbitrary Beethoven-Einstein, Mozart-Descartes level. On the other hand, Dr. Behrman's system has the drawback that merely being the offspring of a genius is not a guarantee of success in either math or music. Johann Sebastian Bach, himself a chip off several gifted Bachs, tried twenty times to duplicate himself genetically, but his methods were antiquated and the results discouraging. Despite excellent environmental conditioning—Sebastian himself wrote their exercises and supervised their harmony lessons—neither Wilhelm Friedemann (the "Halle" Bach), nor Christoph Friedrich (the "Bückeburg" Bach), nor Johann Christian (the "London" Bach), nor Carl Philipp Emanuel (the "Berlin" Bach) could hold a candle to the original (the "Leipzig" Bach).

The Carlson concept of mass reproduction by the hundreds and even thousands would be most beneficial, I feel, in certain of the other arts. In painting, for example, if we had even as few as 640 carbon-copy Rembrandts born every year, the price of "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer" (or of anyone else) would suddenly come within reach of the average pocketbook, so that any reasonably well-off family would be able to afford genuine masterpieces with real brush strokes.

This brings up another problem, however, which neither Behrman nor Carlson has squarely faced. In a recent issue of *Newsweek,* the New York art-book publisher Harry N. Abrams, who is an expert on reproductions of old masters, was quoted as saying, "If Rembrandt were living today, he wouldn't paint rabbis. He'd paint hamburgers."

That puts an entirely different complexion on the whole thing. Here we shall be making all these carbon-copy Rembrandts, and they will grow up to paint "Aristotle Contemplating a Hamburger." And if our Rembrandts are going to act this way, what can we expect from the others? Cabbages from Caravaggio, cream cheese and jelly sandwiches from Titian, gefillte fish from Salvator Rosa, string beans from El Greco. There would be no end to it. And the little Mozarts and Beethovens—how could we depend on them not to compose *Einen kleinen Hamburger* or *The Rage over a Lost Hamburger*? How could we keep one of the sixty-four carbon-copy Bachs from turning out a set of *Hamburg Variations*?

We would get the same shabby treatment, I expect, from our young carbon-copy Shakespeares. Without bothering to graduate from the Yale Drama School, they would be over on Madison Avenue writing copy for deep-frozen hamburgers: "I found you as a morsel cold upon/ Dead Caesar's trencher."

By then, no doubt, our whole language will have been updated and turned into FASE (Fundamentally Analyzable Simplified English), which has just been created by Dr. Lee E. McMahon of the Bell Telephone Laboratories so that computers can understand us and we can understand them. "Sentences written in FASE can be readily broken down by a computer into subject, predicate, object and modifiers," reported the New York *Times,* and yet for non-electronic readers, "FASE is almost indistinguishable from ordinary English." Some of the older Shakespeare has already been translated into FASE. For example, "Now is the winter of our discontent/Made glorious summer by this sun of York" has been programmed to read, "The winter of our discontent has become glorious summer, by this sun of York," which is some of the smoothest travel copy ever written by a computer.

"Dr. McMahon estimated that a competent writer of English would

need a few months to learn how to write FASE fluently," the *Times* said, and I feel certain that our Shakespeares will have no trouble catching on, since they will all be past masters at the quip modest, the reply churlish, the reproof valiant, the lie circumstantial, and the analysis fundamental. If we can have sixty-four genetically O.K. writers like this turning out "Hark, Hark, the Hamburger!" in flawless FASE, I envision a brilliant future. Thank you, Drs. Behrman, Carlson, and McMahon!

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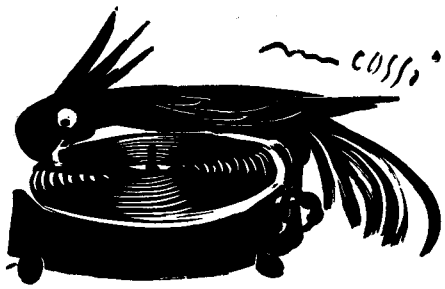

Telemania

ROLAND GELATT

GEORG PHILIPP TELEMANN (1681-1767) has made the scene. He is to the 1960's what Vivaldi was to the 1950's: the Great Undiscovered Composer. Record companies feed voraciously on his published and unpublished scores. Impresarios foster festivals in his name. Musicologists deliver papers on his life and works. Wherever you look these days, you stumble across this prolific craftsman who was born four years before Bach and outlived him by seventeen, and the revival is certain to build up even more steam during this bicentennial year.

Is he really worth all this attention? The answer hinges on your expectations. Compared to his contemporaries Bach and Handel, Telemann is a second-rater—a vastly talented second-rater, to be sure, but not an overpowering genius. He relates to those giants as Ghirlandaio to Leonardo or Trollope to Dostoevsky. If your taste in art runs only to towering masterpieces, Telemann is not your man. But he is capable of giving much pleasure at a less than sublime level, and the supply of his music is almost inexhaustible.

From the time of his appointment as organist and music director of Leipzig's Neue Kirche in 1704 until his death at the age of eighty-six, Telemann turned out a fantastic amount of music—literally hundreds of instrumental and orchestral works, not to mention cantatas, passions, oratorios, and operas by the dozen. His family had not intended him to pursue a musical career—he was given a classical education and was trained as a lawyer—but there was no stopping the urge to compose, and eventually Telemann was allowed to follow his chosen calling. Almost immediately he began to make a great success of it. During his twenties and thirties, he went from one job to another in Germany, constantly bettering his position and reputation, until the City of Hamburg offered him the post of music director in 1721, when he was forty.

He took it at a handsome salary, and remained in Hamburg for the rest of his life. Telemann proved to be an adornment to the city, not merely as a celebrated composer (only Handel approached him in contemporary fame) but also as a genial and witty man-about-town. Unlike most composers, he was afflicted neither with egomania nor introversion nor choleric temper. His personality seems to have been prevailingly sunny and sensible—qualities that stand out in his music.

MOST of the Telemann music exhumed for records has been in the instrumental category—sonatas, quartets, concertos, and the ubiquitous "Musique de Table"—but among the new releases are two large-scale examples of his sacred music: the *St. Matthew Passion* (Philips 594, mono; 994 stereo; two discs) and the oratorio *Der Tag des Gerichts* (Telefunken 9484/85, stereo; two discs).

In its general layout, Telemann's *St. Matthew Passion* closely resembles the celebrated work by Bach, to which it was also closely related in time (Bach's was first performed in 1729, Telemann's in 1730). An Evangelist relates the gospel in accompanied recitative, the sayings of Jesus are voiced by a baritone, and *turbae* choruses dramatize the jeerings of the crowd. Interspersed among these narrative elements are way-points of commentary and reflection that take the form of chorales, solo arias, and duets. But though the two works are similar in ground plan and though they share a heritage of Lutheran melody and Baroque expressive devices, their differences are significant.

Telemann's is an altogether slighter production. The arias and choruses are fewer and far shorter—none lasts longer than three minutes—with the result that the Telemann Passion can be got onto four record sides, whereas the Bach requires eight. But it is slighter not only in duration. The whole tone of the work is set at a less exalted pitch. Although Telemann obviously believed in the biblical vision he set to music, he did not convey the mystical rapture that permeates the Bach Passion. His optimistic, essentially secular disposition could not be downed. Thus, when the bass reflects on the stupidity of Judas's ruse, Telemann has him sing an aria that is positively jaunty in rhythm and melodic contour; and when the crowd shouts "Barabbam," the effect is more of a spiky hornpipe than of the devastating snarl conceived by Bach. Perhaps the differences are best epitomized in the two final choruses. Bach brings his work to a close on a note of sublime resignation; Telemann is content to end on a note of conventional affirmation.

If you are prepared to accept Telemann's modest aims, however, there is much in his *St. Matthew Passion* to savor and admire: the beautifully harmonized chorales, the terse but moving recitatives, the many lovely arias (most particularly the soprano's "Was ist das Schmeicheln dieser Erden," in which the coloratura vocal line is set off against an entrancing instrumental embroidery by oboe and strings). And there are fascinating hints in this work of the new directions that German music was soon to take. Although older than Bach, Telemann was more up-to-date. Surely, the long soliloquy for soprano as Jesus waits on Gethsemane points

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THE REPORTER

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directly to the brooding intensity of Leonore in Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

The performance—prepared for and recorded at the Lucerne Festival—is splendid. An accomplished Baroque specialist, Kurt Redel, conducts with verve, and his singers (among them soprano Sena Jurinac and bass Franz Crass) are distinctly above the liturgical norm.

THE ORATORIO *Der Tag des Gerichts* ("The Day of Judgment"), recorded in Vienna under the direction of Nikolaus Harnoncourt, is even more prophetic. Composed in Telemann's eighty-first year, it shows how remarkably the composer kept up with the times. (In this respect he was a precursor of Stravinsky, though it required less creative and intellectual agility to keep pace with musical fashions in the eighteenth century than it does in the twentieth.) The oratorio runs for two hours and contains not a single fugue. Certain Baroque elements are still in evidence—for example some flowing ariosos, complete with gamba or oboe counterpoint—but the measured pomp and fugal underpinning of the early eighteenth century have disappeared. Telemann is obviously searching for a fresh approach.

Unfortunately, he doesn't quite find it. The oratorio is betwixt and between, post-Handel and pre-Haydn. It has its moments, especially when the composer seizes on a concrete image and attempts to illustrate it in musical terms—the faithful who "tremble in the dust," the "thundering and rumbling" as Jesus descends to give judgment. But too often the piece bogs down into dull and repetitious note-spinning. The booklet that accompanies the recording is impressively detailed and informative, but it makes stronger claims for the text and music ("a masterpiece of amazing magnitude and boldness of execution") than I find warranted by the evidence at hand. Admittedly, the performance is not ideal. The orchestra, Vienna's Concentus Musicus, makes delicious sounds with its authentic eighteenth-century instruments, but Harnoncourt conducts rather stodgily and neither his chorus nor soloists are immune from insecurities of pitch.

BOOKS

Desires and Disappointments

NORA SAYRE

FIVE YEARS: THOUGHTS DURING A USELESS TIME, by Paul Goodman. *Brussel & Brussel. $5.*

Paul Goodman's ideas must be salvaged from his language. Nestling amidst the Socspeak and the bad verbal plumbing, there are many valuable points, all worthy of the repetition that Mr. Goodman gives them—on the triumphant failures of government, disgraceful education, the foolishness of most available jobs, the facts of poverty, the difficulties of living on minimal cash in a rich society—plus his useful analyses of housing and traffic problems. His description of role-playing and the similarity between delinquents and junior executives in "their safe conformity and competitive individuality" is always worth reviewing. Obviously, at a moment when apologists and mediators crowd so many mental vestibules, such an energetic social critic is welcome. Those who prowl beneath the porticoes of liberalism could hardly defend a single item that Mr. Goodman attacks. Hence it is depressing to revolt from what he praises, and disturbing to hear him ruin his own arguments. Whimsical non sequiturs build a palace of fallacies.

DENOUNCING collectivism, he sounds like Ayn Rand. The utopian community in *Making Do* recalls her valleyful of useful citizens in *Atlas Shrugged;* his "congregational anarchists" reflect the righteousness of her exalted egotists. In *Growing Up Absurd,* Mr. Goodman tried not to romanticize his delinquents. But he never really succeeded in justifying the quirks of those who "have nothing to do," those whom society has caused to "feel worthless and guilty." For him, every failed or criminal person is a patient or an invalid. When he insists that society is totally responsible for delinquency, and that it is impossible to mature under contemporary conditions, one recalls that undergraduate examination question: Do men

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make movements or do movements make men? Mr. Goodman believes the latter—"only the community can bestow honor"—and he sentimentalizes history to claim that earlier societies were superior, such as "Florence" (in what century?). His categories of social victims tempt the memory of Emerson quoting Thoreau: "As long as a man stands in his own way, everything seems to be in his way, governments, society, and even the sun and moon and stars, as astrology may testify." Yet Mr. Goodman's assaults on government are hardly fiercer than Thoreau's.

Many sociologists can be accused of oversimplification—but not this one. His theme of Community (dimly screened as a "universal Republic of Reason") falters because all the characterizations in his writings are so feeble. What humanoids could live in his community? When he mentions "the individual," it is still a mass concept; his descriptions of particular personae yield only types. (The novels do have other narrative problems: "His doughnut was on the floor. He looked at it. She looked at him." But the people are only notions with names.) From *Making Do:* "In sizing up a situation I always looked at a man's crotch or where a woman's fingertips were wandering. . . ." Perhaps this replaces palmistry; it is certainly a substitute for any perception of character. His community would have to be populated with what behavioral scientists call "interpersonal human units," having "face-to-face relationships" and what Mr. Goodman describes as "feelingful" sex. It would be no sanctuary for the eccentrics and free-lancers, "the motley collection" of whom Mr. Goodman speaks fondly—but whom even he is unable to classify. His assumption that everyone bears an Oedipal stripe also shows his imperviousness to variety. *Growing Up Absurd* is concerned with "the average American boy," surely a scarce creature. Unfortunately, Mr. Goodman can write only about conspicuous groups: racial, sexual, professional, or psychotic clusters. References to age levels or salaries serve to evoke personality—a curious practice for a psychologist.

In his latest book, Mr. Goodman describes "my disgust of the naked faces of clothed bodies: so little flesh to convey the whole person. . . . For a change we ought to try the opposite convention: all modestly wearing masks over the face, but otherwise going naked." Perhaps bodies are easier to classify than physiognomies; some observers think that torsos show less variety than faces. At any rate, *Five Years*—a set of notebooks spanning 1955 to 1960—is crammed with equally sensitive suggestions. Despite occasional drolleries ("I am doggy, dogged, and doglike. But I am not a dog, a dirty dog, or a gay dog"), this is a sad book, with an acute emphasis on happiness. Concerning a time when the author received little love or publication, he constantly asked for

more warmth and support than any community could give him: ". . . nobody takes care of me."

Homosexual cruising, "groping," "quickie love," detailed disappointment in lust—all these alternate with small bottoms-up impressions of foreign travel, whiffs of therapy and "method," depression, social meditations ("Consider the U.S. Employment Service—what did people do before it existed?"), aesthetic judgments ("*Le Balcon* is a grand work . . . It is at least a masturbation-fantasy, rather than a phony like other contemporary plays"), and informed observations: "Rain-wear, these days, is more various and colorful than ordinary wear." He does appear to experience the freedom which he has said that society denies. Still, there are many tears: in the unresolved scenes in his fiction, when the author is at a loss, his characters weep. The ululations of his thought are divided into little bunches: "people, places, things," "psychology," "myself," "society," "art," "God," and so on. Mr. Goodman protests that his notebooks are not like those of Gide or Hawthorne, also "unlike . . . Pascal." But he fails to fight off comparisons with Socrates.

In the preface, Harold Rosenberg writes that "With P.G., . . . thought is attached to action at both ends." Open-endedness does indeed characterize Mr. Goodman's thinking; he tries to have so many things both ways. In *The Empire City,* the mythic young dropout was able to read his name at the age of two months. This is admittedly the privilege of fantasy. But in *Five Years,* which surely celebrates sexual freedom, he still tries to prevent his wife from enjoying the same liberty. Also, he is angry at prostitutes who want to be paid. Of course, no one is swifter to savage his own mentality than Mr. Goodman. Elsewhere, he wrote of kindred writers and himself: "They have the courage of their own confusions." In the notebooks: "Indeed, I am *not* much in touch with the desires and disappointments that I gripe about so bitterly. . . . My griping is not authentic, and it also changes nothing."

His confusions are reflected in the analyses of his books by intelligent and sympathetic critics, none of whom appears to be describing the same author. (One rather wistful tribute was: "by no means . . . unreadable.") Perhaps this is Mr. Goodman's appeal: each reader can interpret as he wishes, can seize or augment the particular themes that he thinks he perceives. A statement (crucial to *Growing Up Absurd*) such as "a successful revolution establishes a new community" can be bent into anyone's ideal wishbone. Most of the dicta in the notebooks are equally pliable: "Truth is not the description of a state of things but the orientation of an ongoing activity." Or: "The Kingdom of God is within me surely, but I don't live there." The flexibility of meaning can be fondled by any brand of poet (yet Mr. Goodman's themes are clear enough when he writes poems). But it seems a luxury when a psychologist or community planner pretends to pragmatism.

Still, there is always an honest reply: "The few things I know

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surely and simply I cannot effectually present and execute, because of all the garbage in my head and all the garbage in other people's heads." If so, shouldn't a teacher avoid using other crania as his personal trash cans? In *Making Do,* a student (well read in "bad authors buffeted by the modern crisis") cries to the narrator: "Help me! Help me! . . . Tell me what I mean." The narrator has already wearily admitted: "I had to be their bridge, between them and the World"; also, "They sought me out, I had no choice." But Mr. Goodman should some day choose between analyzing bad education and contributing to it. Failure to admire his books sometimes makes one feel guilty, partly because of the kindness that seeps through the prose. But the rest of the seepage is spasmodic. The elderly concept of language as a means of concealment is revived when Mr. Goodman and his colleagues make it a tool of misunderstanding. From *The Empire City:* "It is Man who is wont to project the immortal death in the soul as an abstraction that imitates, by its abstractness, the nonexistence of that which is. And there he is, rising, a constellation in the Great Cosmos." If this is what students like to read, it shows what's wrong with American education. Schools can hardly improve until educators like Mr. Goodman remove the curse they have put on language. «»

Again Perfection

VIRGILIA PETERSON

UNDER GEMINI, A Memoir by Isabel Bolton. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.75.*

Until twenty years ago, Isabel Bolton, author of *Do I Wake or Sleep, The Christmas Tree,* and *Many Mansions,* was writing poetry and children's verses under her real name, Mary Britton Miller. It was only with the publication of her first novel, *Do I Wake or Sleep,* when she was sixty-three, that she adopted her present pen name. Whoever has read that piercing but poetic evocation of the New York of the late 1930's will not have forgotten what Edmund Wilson called its "exquisitely perfect . . . accent." Neither will he be surprised that in this new book, *Under Gemini,* the autobiography of her nineteenth-century childhood, Miss Bolton's accent is perfect once again.

In our essential solitude, every one of us as a child comes to dream of having a double who would respond in precisely the same way to the same experiences, duplicate all our impulses, love and hate the same things and people, be more than an echo or a reflection, be in fact another self. In Isabel Bolton's childhood, the dream was fulfilled before she dreamed it. For her first fourteen years, she had at her side a living replica. Now, toward the end of the long life she has since had to live without her sister, she tells in *Under Gemini* what it meant to be an identical twin.

ACCORDING TO the Miller family legend, Miss Bolton says in her foreword, a nurse once misplaced the ribbons that she and her twin sister wore around their wrists to identify them and had to call in their mother to decide which was Mary and which was Grace. In fact, it made no difference. To themselves and to each other they were interchangeable. How interchangeable they were to outsiders can be seen in the old photograph reproduced on the back of the book's jacket in which, standing together in the snow, their bulgy little figures becoated and becapped and bemittened identically, they look out from under their fringed hair through two pairs of identically grave, attentive eyes.

There were reasons for the gravity of that Mary-and-Grace look. The youngest of five children, they were still tiny when their life in the house where they were born was brought to an abrupt end by the death of both parents. Old enough to respond to the weeping of the woman who broke the news to them with wails of their own but too young to have any sharper memory of their mother than that of a radiant "presence," and of their father remembering only the fearful moment of his wrath when in an accord of uncontainable excitement they had risen from behind the couch where he was sleeping and spat in unison upon his face, they did not actually feel the loss of their parents. Yet all too soon they became aware of being a problem to their grandmother in whose house in Springfield, Massachusetts, they went to live, to her disapproving companion "Aunt Julia," and to the Uncle Jim and Aunt Anna who lived in a much grander house down the street and who were henceforward to be their guardians. Inevitably, they slipped into problematical behavior. They gathered, from the warnings and exhortations of the adults around them, that they were a handful.

The surprising thing is that they were not more of a handful than Miss Bolton shows them to have been. The older of their brothers, Philip, no doubt on edge from his greater awareness of the family plight, loved to reduce the twins to terror by slowly fixing his face into a grimace, clenching his hands, and whispering with sepulchral emphasis the single word "CHOLERA." Their aloof, highly emotional older sister, Rebecca, ignored them. Their brother James, who was close enough in age to understand, amuse, and defend them when they needed defense, was all the same too old to be much within reach. Uncle Jim with his perpetual sallies and Aunt Anna with her pieties and condescensions puzzled them and put them off. When their grandmother died and Aunt Anna hired the wispy, refined Miss Desire Aurelia Rogers to take charge of the household of orphaned children, they were torn in their feelings for this new incumbent between their mirth over her all too obvious pretensions and their pity for her all too obviously hungry heart.

How easily, therefore, the Mary-and-Grace combine (one and indivisible, yet often themselves locked in frenzied combat for separate identity) might have foundered, had it not been—and this is the leitmotif of

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Miss Bolton's story—that each had the other.

But each other was by no means all they had. Materially, though the house on Maple Street had run down even before Miss Rogers took it over on Aunt Anna's grudging expense account, there were still the pretty rooms with the chintzes that the twins were forbidden to sit on and the objets d'art that they were forbidden to touch, and outside they had the freedom of the large overgrown garden with its terraced "bankings" and its empty, inviting gardener's cottage in which to play the games they invented and tired of simultaneously, while for six weeks every summer they could enjoy the splendor of Uncle Jim's and Aunt Anna's mansion at Goshen, Connecticut (now Goshen Point), with a stretch of beach and sea whose breathtaking beauty outweighed the twins' unease before the manifest wealth and dutiful kindness of their guardians. But also they had, though of course Miss Bolton never so defines it, their conjoined and exceptional sensitiveness to sky and tree and flower, to storm and sunlight and change of season, to whatever was alive, from a newborn calf to the ruby-throated hummingbird that, wonder of wonders, they were able to catch in their hands. So urgent was their sense of life that nothing could mar it save their separation.

Yet despite the "perfect chime and sequence" of their thoughts, on two occasions Mary went where Grace could not follow: the protracted time when Mary came near to dying of pneumonia and the brief spurt of time when, to the admiration of the wistful Grace, she sat down and rushed off her first poem. But they had never been and would never be again so close as on the day of their cousin's wedding at Goshen, when they heard for the first time the marriage vows and understood the until then undreamed-of implications of the bond that would make it impossible for either one to marry. And then, only a short time after that moment of blinding insight, suddenly, swiftly, Grace went for the first and last time where Mary could not follow.

In hands less light and delicate upon the reins of this story than those of Isabel Bolton, it might have

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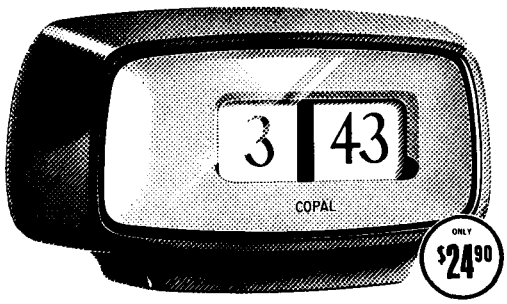

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CARL DREHER

MAN IN THE UNIVERSE, by Fred Hoyle. *Columbia University Press. $3.50.*

Fred Hoyle, Plumian Professor of Theoretical Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge University, is a bold man with a hypothesis. In his *Encounter with the Future* (1965) he suggested that the salvation of mankind might come about through a series of world wars, each culminating in a not quite total collapse of civilization. In the intermediate recoveries a process of cumulative biological selection would favor individuals capable of rebuilding civilization from the knowledge preserved in those libraries which had escaped destruction. Thus, without any change in the genes, a more intelligent, more socially minded species would evolve.

But, during the periods of collapse, might not the Julius Streichers and Joe McCarthys take over instead and plunge mankind into permanent primitivism, or oblivion? The next five thousand years, plus or minus a millennium, will decide. In the present volume, the printed version of the Bampton Lectures in America that Hoyle delivered at Columbia University, he has specu-

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lated not only in millennia (which, to a cosmologist, are what microseconds are to the rest of us) but has confined himself largely to current problems. He has managed to compress an extraordinary amount of wisdom into small space.

IN THE first essay, "Astronomy and Space Research," he shows that ground-based optical equipment is unlikely to be superseded in the calculable future by orbiting astronomical observatories; the heartbreaking failure last spring of the first such attempt—because of a stupid power failure—certainly does nothing to weaken his argument. He points out that the whole load of extragalactic research is carried on by only two modern telescopes, each of which is usable only eighty nights a year because of moonshine or other adverse conditions, and that out of these 160 favorable nights a single eminent astronomer may require some seventy hours to measure the red shift of a single quasar. The space program, with its budget of five or six billion dollars a year, uses astronomy, and science in general, as a façade for the military, national prestige, and entertainment aspects of the cold war. Hoyle notes that if we really cared about astronomy, we could build something like a hundred new two-hundred-inch telescopes for a fifth of the space budget for just one year.

There is too much in these five essays to cover even in this thumbnail fashion, so I will go on to the last one, noting in passing only the discussion of the nurture of new ideas, which can be destroyed by a kind of intellectual infanticide if subjected to premature analysis while, at the other extreme, the earmark of the crank is his lack of an internal rejection mechanism. The fifth essay is entitled "The Poetry of Earth Is Never Dead," from a sonnet by Keats, and it deals, like the theory of biological selection by alternate collapse and revival, with the future of humanity, but in less vulnerable fashion. Hoyle asks where we are going as a species, and he notes that the only time he has observed a large number of people really single-minded about a particular objective was during "the" war—World War

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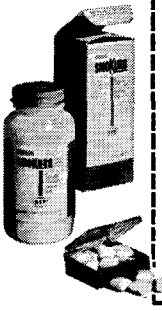

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II, when he left astronomy and nuclear physics to help develop British radar.

But the great problem at present is not something relatively easy like the defeat of fascism (although whether it, or some variant, has been defeated remains to be seen) but bringing war under control by international organization. The difficulty is compounded by the fact that war is both mankind's glory and its affliction, but Hoyle hopes it can be abolished, and that we will look back on the present chaos as we now look back on the Great Depression—as something that, with the economic tools now at our command, need not happen again. With birth control (assuming that religious and irrational objections can be overcome) and without armaments, poverty will also be a bygone curse. And then what? How will the poetry of earth be sustained? Surely not by our present obsessions with automobiles, household appliances, and Mach 3 airliners. Hoyle's solution is "perception . . . understanding the universal game that is going on around us, the game of which we are perhaps a tiny part."

HIS ANSWER, then, is the same as Vergil's, who said, "Happy is the man who can understand the causes of things, who can rise above superstition and dread of destiny and fear of death." It is a good answer for the Hoyles and all who share their instincts, if not their talents. Whether it will ever appeal to the generality of mankind is doubtful. Vergil added, "But happy too is he who knows the woodland gods, Pan and old Sylvanus and the nymphs." What we are doing to the woodland gods needs no recounting —look about you in suburbia. The nymphs are now in the pay of *Playboy* and Madison Avenue, and the "death" of the one true Judeo-Christian God is a subject of debate in the news weeklies. Most people try to fill their lives with reproduction and possessions, and when the vacuum comes back they turn to some fanaticism, usually implemented by collective murder. Yet, since Hoyle shows so much practical wisdom in so many ways, let us wait and see —it will only take another five thousand years.

The Turtle

Put in my rooms for a joke,
this fellow—
pudgy in reptilian skin,
dried, shaggy folds on (wee elephant-tailed)
rump,
on jowls,
and on his huge, nailed paddle legs—
clunks and bumps along the walls,
tipping
up over a lamp-base, books; breast-
stroking his ungainly way
in the strange, dry element,
plodding,
swimming with strong, clawed, backward-
strokes toward water,
neck out, dots and parallel
swervy lines of dusty black extending
to wide eyes, the cigar-clipper snout
(breath holes),
a cable neck drawing his heavy
banging house onward to his watery
will.

Picked up,
he can hardly close
his battered plates; the head,
withdrawn
into its penis-hide, slowly
stretching its fold of mantle with it, sticks back out,
retreats
at every nudge or tilt in the unfamiliar
eye-level
air;
pushes out again.
Hissing and lunging at the dogs,
who sniff him,
he will not back up. Snaps.

Let be, he rattles through his circuit
of walls,
over and over,
an archaic tank
(plated, cannon-necked) thumping baseboards
to define a place one can be in
but cannot go from—
until
I take him to the dock,
air, salt, and flies.
In sweeping (scratchy) strides
across the weathered boards he throws himself,
sure of direction,
exonerated,
into the inlet's splashy, deep, green racing-past.

—ROBERT WALLACE

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